



APRIL 1938

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

Hotel De Mope by THOMAS MC MORROW

NEW KIND OF TIRE

GIVES THE QUICKEST NON-SKID
STOPS YOU'VE EVER SEEN!



HERE'S THE EVIDENCE

from America's Largest
Independent Testing Laboratory

"BOTH regular, and also the premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers were submitted to a series of exhaustive road tests made over a three months' period by us, to determine their resistance to skidding and wear, with the following results:

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. Ellis, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY



LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS

Sweeps the water right and left—forces it out through the deep drainage grooves. Thus, with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car, you constantly have a drier, safer road surface for the rubber to grip—in all directions.



Wins Hands Down in Thrilling Competitive Road Tests Conducted by Famous Testing Laboratory!

AGAIN Goodrich makes tire history! Meeting the demands of millions of motorists for greater protection against skidding, Goodrich engineers have perfected a remarkable new kind of tire that conquers wet road skid dangers in a sensational way.

In exhaustive road tests made by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory, largest independent testing laboratory in the country, against regular and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers, *no tire tested*—even those costing 40% to 70% more—matched this tire in non-skid action.

Golden Ply Blow-out Protection

The new Goodrich Silvertown is really *two* great tires combined in one! For *inside* the carcass is the famous Goodrich Golden Ply protection against high-speed blow-outs. And *outside* is the new Life-Saver Tread which stops you quicker, safer than you've ever stopped before. That's because

this amazing tread is actually a *road dryer!* Its never-ending spiral bars, acting like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep water from under the tire, force it out through the deep drainage grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.

No Extra Cost!

Go to your Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a *free* demonstration that will give you one of the greatest motoring thrills you ever had. Don't miss it, because you'll never know what the word *STOP* really means until you've felt the grip of this Silvertown on a wet, slippery road.

Remember, this new skid-protected Goodrich Silvertown also has the famous Golden Ply protection against blow-outs. So you get *two* great life-saving features—**AT NO EXTRA COST!**—to say nothing of 19.1% greater non-skid tire mileage—which means you get **EVERY 6TH MILE FREE!**

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

SKID PROTECTION OF LIFE-SAVER TREAD ◆◆◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

It was HORSES for ME

By

ASA M. DODD, JR.

Illustration by
WILL GRAVEN

NOT many Americans know that the celebrated eight chevaux did not customarily move unchaperoned in their box-car journeys to the 1918 front. Had French sign-painters been entirely truthful, they would have labeled their side-door Pullmans "40 Hommes ou 8 Chevaux et 1 Homme," for a single homme was always sent along as nursemaid to the horseflesh within.

I happen to know. As a member of one of the American cavalry units that saw service in France, I was supposed to be well enough acquainted with horses to get them safely from point to point. I was expected to feel special solicitude for the beast King Richard once offered his kingdom for. Unfortunately the beast showed little inclination to return this courtesy.

My sacred eight went into their freight-car at Le Valdahon, a permanent French camp which our army officials had made into a huge remount depot. I supervised their loading, myself tied the halter-shanks to keep their heads up. That night when I rolled up in my blankets, with hoofs to both sides of me and shaggy bellies obstructing my view of the car's ceiling, I felt that the animals had been secured beyond possibility of release.

A few hours later an inquisitive muzzle nudged my own. Speedily I got to my feet and struck a light. Every one of my charges had managed to get loose. Most of them were huddled together at one end of the car, in utter disregard of army regulations. One lone animal stood by himself, quaking at the motion of the train, uncertain how to brace himself without the support of the halter-shank. How they had managed to walk over and around my extended legs without treading on me, I am still to learn.

I spent the remainder of that night in a restless effort to straighten out my double quartet. Boards to which they had been tied had broken loose. Ropes as well as horses' tempers (and my own) seemed to have grown shorter. By the time we reached Treveray, our destination, I was fit to be tethered (*Continued on page 58*)

"We got saddles,
were taught various paces and
drilled with sabres,
and began to do
trick maneuvers"



For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

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★
TO GORDON BALDWIN of Albany, Georgia, we are indebted for this photograph of Cornay, France, as it looks today—or rather as it looked in 1931, when E. M. Winslow, a cousin of Mr.



Baldwin, revisited the old front. It was on the ridge in the background that Charles G. Clement met his death, as described in the March issue of the Magazine.

MR. BALDWIN writes: "My interest in the picture was that for a short time I hibernated in the cellar of the house in the foreground, or rather under the original of this house—as I recall now only part of one wall was then standing. Cornay was one of the many tough spots for the doughboys, for whom I always had the highest respect, which grows with the years. Those fellows took everything and had to hike to the slaughter besides. We of the ammunition trains could at least ride, though it wasn't altogether a joy ride."

TOWARD the end of his letter Mr. Baldwin put an interesting query. One of the numerous picture magazines recently printed a photograph of the bombing of the United States Gunboat *Panay* which showed

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honest-to-goodness American gobs wearing full beards. The caption stated: "The Yangtze patrol is the only place where U. S. seamen may grow beards." Was this true, Mr. Baldwin asked to know.

A LETTER to the Navy Department brought this reply from Lieutenant Commander Leland P. Lovette, Public Relations Officer: "The naval regulations do not prohibit Navy personnel from growing full beards. However, except for prolonged cruises at sea and on remote stations, the growing of full beards is discouraged and the wearing of beards is the exception rather than the rule. The picture magazine was incorrect in its statement regarding the Yangtze patrol. It is true that for a great many years during the winter weather it has become a popular custom among the crews of gunboats on the Yangtze within our own and foreign nations' navies, to grow beards."

FLETCHER PRATT and Thomas M. Johnson, authors of "The Lost Battalion as the Germans Saw It," have been studying the plight of this famous unit of the Seventy-seventh Division, A.E.F., for many years. The full results of their investigations will appear April 6th in a book entitled "The Lost Battalion," to be published by the Bobbs Merrill Company of Indianapolis. Mr. Pratt is a keen student of military tactics from the days of the Roman Legions to the Chino-Japanese campaign of 1938. Mr. Johnson was correspondent overseas for the *New York Sun*, and has written numerous articles on the war.

IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

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\$25.00 REWARD

WANTED: Sealed unopened bottles of blended whiskies, bot.
June, 1919.

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Amer

We Paid \$25⁰⁰ per Bottle

Will pay you \$25 in cash
provided am convinced that your
bottle is genuine.
June, 1919.

If you have one or more bottles of such blended whiskey and
wish to sell same, please phone 1600, Hotel
after seven tonight. Ask for MR. WALL.

recently by governmental spokesmen. market trading in francs and in
pounds was fairly active. The franc
closed at 1.25. The pound closed at 1.20.

-collected these rare old blends to prove that
Seagram's Crowns taste finer than whiskies
of "the old days"

OUT of old trunks, attics, cellars men
dusted off their treasured bottles—
whiskies they'd been hoarding for 20
years—famous old blends . . . the
premium whiskies of "the old days" . . . and
sold them to Seagram for \$25 a bottle.

Then Seagram called in its qualified
experts—and asked them to compare
these old whiskies . . . side by side with
Seagram's Crowns. The whiskies were
served in plain glasses. No one knew

which was which. Unanimously these
men chose Crowns—as "finer tasting,
smoother, mellower."

Men everywhere are choosing Crowns
—for their finer taste. From July, 1935,
to December, 1937—in the 14 states that
publish records*—more people bought
Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other
blended whiskies in their price class
combined.

Blending skill explains it. At the bar
—or wherever you buy—think before
you drink—say Seagram's...and be sure.

*Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to \$1.50 per pint.



THINK before you drink
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

Seagram's Crown

WHISKIES

They're Finer - They Taste Better
BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

UNEMPLOYED VETERANS

ATTENTION!

THE National Employment Committee of The American Legion is alive to the plight of the unemployed veteran.

The Board of Directors of the National Association of Manufacturers have informed the Committee that recommendations have gone to their manufacturing members against fixing an upper age limit for employment. This is a signal accomplishment for the Legion.

The Committee will continue its campaign of education among employers of the nation to have the applicant for a job considered as an individual rather than as a member of a particular age group.

To avoid duplication of effort, the Legion's Employment Committee will not attempt to organize another national employment service. Its administrative job will be to place every one of the Legion's 11,393 Posts squarely behind the effort to give the jobless veteran the work he can perform best.

In co-operation with the United States Employment Service, Veterans' Placement Representatives, and State Employment Agencies, The American Legion will seek employment opportunities for our unemployed.

The Legion Committee's plan is to get every Post actively in touch with its local employment office; to have the jobless register, and to have the employer use the services of the employment agency.

Definite information as to the extent of the problem among Legionnaires is needed. To comply with this request for information, you are asked to complete and return the attached questionnaire. Regardless of previous information supplied to the Committee, you are requested to send along this completed questionnaire.

EMPLOYMENT REGISTRATION

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, THE AMERICAN LEGION,
777 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

As an unemployed member of The American Legion, I am submitting the following information:

Card No. _____ Post _____ Department _____

Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____

First _____ Middle _____ Last _____

Married Number dependents _____ Education _____

Single

Is any member of family working? _____

Last employer _____

How long unemployed _____

State of Health _____ Physically fit Experience _____

(Check one) Partially fit

Disabled

I am registered with State or other Employment Service. Type of work desired _____

I am not

I am in receipt of disability compensation, or other income.

(Check one)

Additional Remarks _____

Signed _____



By
**THOMAS
Mc MORROW**

Illustrations by
WALLACE MORGAN

The looey cocks his
ear and hears this
outfit, so off we go
after them

HOTEL DE MOPE

"**G**EORGE, there is nice money in the Welfare line when you get your smokes for nothing. Specially, when you get your help for nothing and only got to feed them, and you get your chuck for nothing too. George MacMonigle, mark my words, this is the greatest opportunity in the whole blame Oregon!"

Such was the tempting remarks passed by Peter Rook as him and I sat in a Jerry beer-garden about four kilos back of the front lines and smoked a good cigar.

The place was a town called Marcq, up on a hill over the main road. Was you ever up that way, soldier? I tell you where it is near; it is near St. Juvin. It is a very pretty country, or was, anyway, at the

time Peter Rook and I am sitting in the Jerry beer-garden, which is three, four days after they bounced out the Jerries.

Now for how two members of the rear rank of the last squad of the fourth platoon of Company E of the 153d Pioneers of the Corps Troops of the First Army come to be sitting in Marcq? It was account of the fourth platoon getting lost.

For how we got lost, it was a dark night, for one thing, and, for two things, the fourth platoon got short legs. We didn't keep closed up.

We come to a cross-roads, and our looey cocks his ear in a military manner, and he hears an outfit hauling one way, and he don't hear any outfit hauling the other way, so off we go after the outfit

he hears. That was good strategy if it was our outfit, but it wasn't. It was another outfit that cuts across between us and the third platoon, account of us not being closed up.

Well, soldier, we hauled after this outfit the whole blame night, till maybe we hiked fifteen, twenty kilos. I wouldn't be positive we hauled after the same outfit all night either, on account we didn't keep closed up. There was other cross-roads and maybe we hauled after two, three other outfits. Well, that was all right. We hadn't reserved hotel accommodations somewhere and we'd have to sleep on the ground anyhow. And supposing we did lose that Pioneer kitchen, well, what?

At three, four o'clock in the morning we was up to the ears in a forest, as we could tell by the wind in the trees, and the last outfit we was hauling after had hauled away from us. We waited a while, but no other outfit come along for us to haul after, so, giving us up for lost, the looey told us fall back fifty paces into the woods and have pleasant dreams. So Peter Rook and I wrapped our heads up in blankets and corked off between the roots of a big tree.

We started off next day, and we was getting hungry, but the looey consoled us and said the kitchen was in Véry, where we was going, and we must be getting right close to it now, because it was only ten kilos and already we'd walked about twenty.

Thinking we might be a little late, the looey sighted his compass and took us a short cut through the woods and across a field and we come into Marcq.

"Aha, sergeant," said the looey to the platoon sergeant, "here is Véry, sure enough, but where are the other platoons? We have out-marched them."

The platoon sergeant took a look through the houses and he come back and said, "Yes, there is the finest kitchen I ever see in all my four months in the Army, lieutenant. Only, it is a Jerry kitchen. Ourn must be in there, because that is where the mess sergeant would park, and he must have gone back to Supply with the mule and wagon."

Just then everybody gets much interested and looks up in the air, and the looey is busy talking too, so Peter Rook and I take this opportunity to duck in the Jerry kitchen and get some advance notice of dinner. We are busy eating liverwurst and turnip bread, and that is

why we do not hear what the looey is busy talking about.

We come out and look up in the air and there are some very fine sights.

One is a Jerry plane touching off four observation balloons, five, six. He flies up to a balloon, and there is a little fire, and then a big fire, and the balloon goes blah, and down comes the observation man with his umbrella.

Another very nice sight is an ammunition dump blowing up. It does not just go Bang. It stands up in the air bigger than a building for five, six minutes, all smoke, with fire in it, all colors, waving like flags. You see that get-up in front of you, and, if you do not know what it is, you do not want to go up and find out either, hey, soldier? If it don't follow you, that is good enough.

Now, what our looey is busy talking about.

He is busy talking to a mope who comes rubbing along Main Street. The mope is telling him that the First Army is taking a lovely pasting, and the Jerries will arrive *toot sweet*, and anybody that got bunions on his dogs better start now.

Well, that is one thing about the Army, you can always get news. The lower you go in the ranks, the more they know, till you come to the mopes, and they know it all. A mope belongs to the fifth platoon of Company "J"; he is a bird that lost his outfit, falling out to tie up his leggin some dark night going into the lines, and he parks himself between the Frog 75's and the trench mortars, and he is only attached for rations.

Our looey listens to this mope, and he looks at the ammunition dump that is standing up and waving to him, and he looks at the Jerry that is having a good

laugh making little guys jump out of our balloons, and he gets nervous.

The road down under Marcq is only doing business as usual, with guys driving in bunches of Jerries and going back for more, with guys taking it easy in ambulances and walking cases smoking straw hats, with field guns, with rolling kitchens and a cook asleep on the containers, with despatch riders, trucks, guys pulling mules, an outfit sitting in the ditch to let another outfit haul by, with anti-aircraft throwing rotten eggs at a Jerry plane that is sitting up above and waiting for a traffic jam before sending word to put down some H.E. and also L.L.

But our looey gets nervous, being only a fourth platoon looey, and he wants someone to pass the buck in a military manner.

"Sergeant," he says, "this is the big counter-attack, and we better lasso the rest of the company *ally veet, ness pak!*"

Case you didn't get across, soldier, what our looey was saying was, "We better get the hell back to the company all of a sudden, am I right?"

"Yes, but what about the kitchen, lieutenant?" says the sarge.

Because there is one place any Pioneer outfit will defend to the last drop of condensed milk and sell dearly, and that is a good kitchen.

"I want two men to guard the kitchen," says the looey, "and I will call for volunteers."

I put in for it first, "Me and Peter, lieutenant!"

"MacMonigle and Rook," says the looey. "Fall out, Rook and MacMonigle. Attention—squads left—march!" And off they went.

Peter opens up his roadside stand and goes into his sales talk



I and Peter dropped our packs off our humps and sat down on them and had a good laugh. Because a kitchen guard is teacher's pet. We spent most time in kitchens of anybody of the outfit, but it was always K.P., and that is different from a kitchen guard as the skin is different from the potato.

Then we looked through all the houses for something to eat. Well, that Jerry kitchen was full of something to eat, but you can't teach an old Pioneer new tricks, and always he is looking for something to eat.

No one is living in Marcq, unless it might be mopes, but it is in good second-hand condition. There might be fifty houses in town, and half of them have roofs, and not a few have even four walls. I found half a turnip and Peter found a piece of cabbage, so we did not have to starve till we got back to the kitchen.

The kitchen is a nice two-story stone house with a red tile roof, and only one wall knocked out. It got a long cook-stove like a hotel. There is a barrel of brown sugar and a barrel of washing-soda, and stacks of Jerry canned pork and Jerry punk, and barrels of potatoes and red cabbages and turnips and cucumbers. On the walls is Jerry signs to tell Jerries when to come and eat five meals a day. Well, the signs don't mean us, so we sat down and ate five meals right away, or ten in all.

We had franks and Liberty cabbage, most; there was a whole hogshead slopping over with Liberty cabbage. We ate a hatful apiece, to get strength to get up and cook something to eat. There was plenty firewood in the three walls, because the way they make walls over there the laths are long pieces whittled out by hand and nice and dry. So we took our little Pioneer picks and chopped firewood out of the walls and put on two hatfuls of *Schweinfleisch* and Irish potatoes.

We done justice; it was the best eating since Hoboken. Not knocking First Army chuck; you get a steak cut with an ax at an advanced kitchen, or hot rice and pancakes back at the field heavies, and that's food for man and beast, but in between was hard bread and Willie, and I'll take squab on toast.

We are boiling ourselves some turnips to satisfy our pangs when this mope puts his head in our door; this mope that gives the line of hooey to our looey. I might mention that it was a new looey and not up in the arts of Pioneering.



"What are you feeding, boys?" he says, walking in like the proprietor and looking in our hats. "My, that looks tasty. Guess I'll eat."

I look at Peter, who is the commanding officer of the detail, and Peter looks at me.

Because, soldier, if there is one organization in the A.E.F. that a Pioneer knows about it is the mopes. You might be in the S.O.S. and you would not see a mope because there are M.P.'s; and you might be in the lines and you would not see a mope because you would only pass through their country in the dark. But that was our sector, between the 75's and the mortars, and we seen mopes. I wouldn't exaggerate how many was dogging it back of the lines, or I wouldn't be speaking for the ones I seen myself, and that was only about a million. Well, say one, two hundred.

The way I figure, there is two things make mopes. One is to not have Battle Police like everybody else has that's been longer in the business, and two is sending guys to replacement camps that claim they lost their outfits.

"Beat it!" says Peter to this mope.

"Don't I eat?"

"No."

The mope counts us, and sees there is two of us, and he is much outnumbered. So he shoves a hand in his pocket and he

pulls out a ton of money—and he says, "For five francs?"

"Oh, you are talking business," said Peter, and he gets up and takes the five francs, all the same as one dollar in money. "You eat!"

"Well, Peter," I argue. "How is this about selling chuck to this mope? Is it O.K.?"

"Sure, George," says Peter. "I wouldn't sell him Pioneer chuck. First off, he wouldn't buy it, and second he couldn't eat it, and third I wouldn't sell it. But this is Jerry chuck, and it is all the same as souvenirs, and it is O.K. to sell souvenirs."

"Right," I says, seeing reason, because just yesterday I sell a saw-bayonet to our new looey for *dece* francs.

Our first customer chowed and *parted*, and I and Peter gathered some *wurst* and punk to staunch the hunger, and took a walk.

Was you up through there, soldier?

It is very delightful. Now, you go down around Verdun, or say Saint Maheel, and you see these big fancy Jerry trenches out of concrete, and Jerry machine-gunned sitting in armor, and climb four stories straight down and see a big Jerry officer sitting at a table reading maps, and that is very delightful too, but I'll take up that way in the Oregon. Because such places remind you too much of war.

Outside our back door is a beer-garden with tables and chairs and a band-stand. Railings of white birch run all around the paths so people can get up and take a nice walk and not fall in the flowers and shrubs. Some nice custom-built bungalows down the hill, and I find in one a shot-gun with shells to shoot snipes and sparrows. I don't know what it looked like on the Frog side, because we come through there in the dark, but I guess they liked nice things too. I'm telling you, soldier, there was two armies knew how to live. Yes, sir, they had the life of Monseer Von Riley.

I and Peter sit at a table in the beer-garden, and we eat cucumbers. We could see the country for kilos and kilos, and it was a great sight. We certainly seen red cabbage. Must have been potatoes too, and turnips and tobacco and cucumbers and I don't know what all, but all we seen for sure was red cabbage. By the kilo. The battle-field was red with kraut.

Peter is spinning his five francs on the table—it is a cartwheel that says Louis Philippe—and he is looking at our house, and he says, "What do I see, George?" That was the beginning of a grand idea.

"You want to see me," I says, "about half that five francs."

"Will you lay off, George?" he says, getting sore. "I give you fair warning, George, you ever mention that five francs to me again as long's you live, and I won't give you your half at all. That's the thanks I get when I am thinking about plans for making your fortune."

What he is looking at is up in the attic of our house, where there is no wall, and he is seeing tobacco.

The way they build houses up that way, first they build the house and then they put the stairs on the outside, and this stairs is blown away with the wall. Peter stands on me and gets up in the attic, and he finds tobacco, what I mean. By the tons and tons. It is hanging on lines like wash.

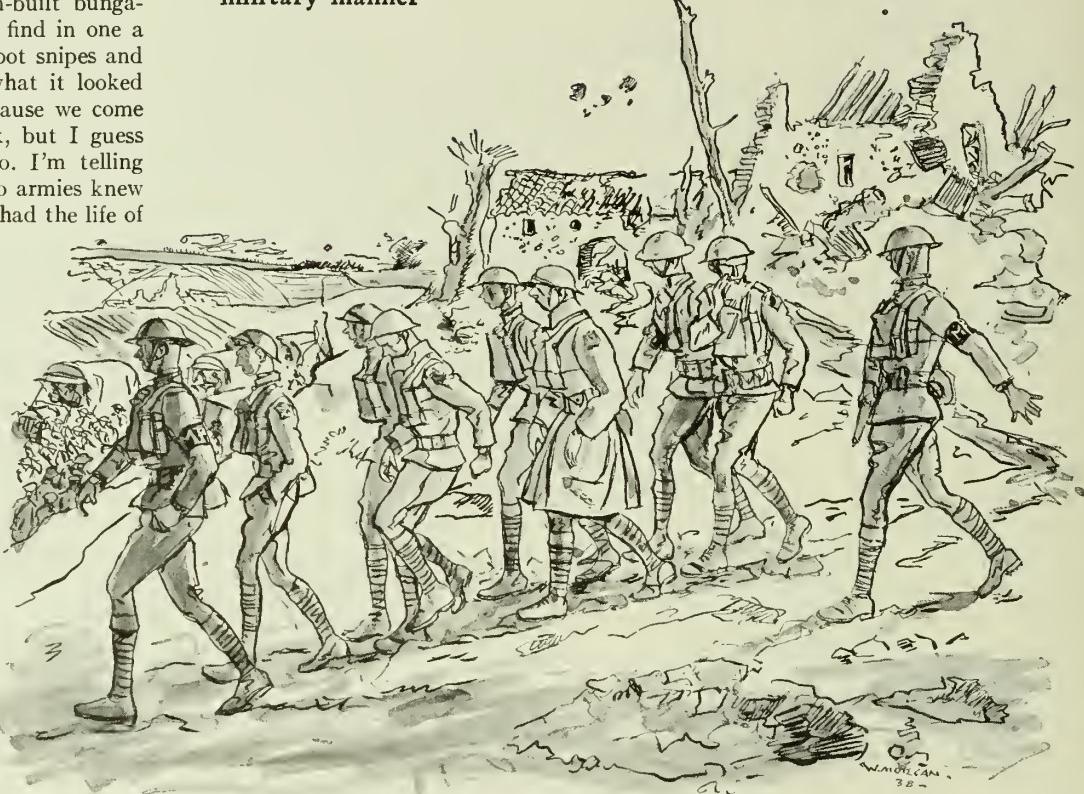
A leaf is about two feet long, and you cut out the strings and roll it and lick it, and you got a two for a quarter.

And that is how Peter Rook and I am sitting in a Jerry beer garden and smoking a good cigar when Peter passes remarks about making nice money in the Welfare business.

It is a nice day, and we smoke our good cigar and watch the anti-aircraft popping at this Jerry plane, black for shrapnel and white for H.E.

That is all you see when you look up, but there is plenty you don't see, because our heavies are throwing stuff over our heads, and the Jerrys are sending

Down the road in a military manner



back, and you can hear them, specially big ones that are turning over and going by like trains with a flat wheel.

Once in a way, the Jerry plane will fly home, and then the Jerries put down stuff on the road, and always some dizzy guy hollers "Gas!" It is not Gas about fifty times, but you best put on your mask, because you don't get something if you outguess the dizzy guy.

And that is why Peter stops remarking at this time, having his mouth full of his gas-mask, and we look through our eyepieces to see if the Jerries are maybe hitting a kitchen down on the road and we might get something to eat, or a truck, because under the front seat of a truck is a very good place to always look for tobacco.

"Because I will tell you, George," he says, taking off his mask and watching the Jerry come back to pick another spot, "this is not Véry, I hear from that mope, it is Marcq, and Véry is to hell and gone. We might be here the whole blame War, because the looey don't know where to look for us. I am the C.O. of this detail, and I got to keep up your morale, George, and not let you lay around."

Well, soldier, I and Peter stay in this Jerry kitchen from then on, and we do a very nice business indeed selling mopes souvenirs in the way of *schweinfleisch* and Liberty cabbage, and cigars, and all I got against the business is Peter minds all the money. I got a good mind to ask him why he don't give me my half, only then he would get sore and he wouldn't give me it.

We built up a very nice trade, five francs to eat. The way a mope eats, he gets up and looks around in the air for a smoke, and that is a kitchen and he goes and hits it, and when it moves he sees what they left. He might walk into a kitchen of his own outfit, and be back in the War again. And after he is out one, two months he can't answer questions so good if he gets asked questions. No, he rather pay five francs to eat, because what is money to a mope when he got all kinds in all his pockets? American, Frog, Jerry, and the queer that every Frog town prints for itself to make change for soldiers.

When a mope is not eating or pounding his ear, he is sightseeing in dugouts with a bunch of smokeless powder, or he is firing Jerry cannons if he gets one with a muzzle, or he is firing rifles at planes. Of course, he will not shoot at Jerries, because they might come down and straf him. Was you in the air service, maybe, soldier? Then one of your outfit was telling me he would always fly higher over our lines than over the Jerries.

Five francs, or cabbages and turnips and potatoes, or a mope could do K.P. and chop out the wood. There was always some patrons that just went on the mope and had not gathered a roll yet. And that is why Peter says that our help costs us nothing, or our chuck.

Why we only get mopes for patrons is because Marcq is up on a hill. A road goes up to it and stops, and the through traffic is all down below. It is a dizzy way to

build towns, up on hills, and they must lose lots of business, but that is how they do and you can ask me why but I wouldn't know.

Peter and I are making a very delightful profit on our souvenir meals, and I guess we are making more than Pershing and not near the worry, but we are losing plenty good business too, account of being up on a hill.

Peter sits in the beer-garden and he looks down at all that traffic in the road, and he says, "Well, George, we can have a roadside stand anyway."

"A roadside stand, hey, Peter?"

"Fresh country vegetables right off the farm. And hot dogs! I bet we can get five francs for a hot dog and Liberty cabbage down there, all the franks we got left in the house.

"Look at that truck down there that cracked up in the ditch last night. It will make a very nice stand. Fall in, George, and fetch down a pail of dogs and Liberty cabbage; after that you can keep up the morale fetching down the fresh country vegetables. A hot dog and Liberty mustard would be some nice souvenir."

By this time we got forty, fifty mopes patronizing, and they are about the same bunch every day, because a mope does

but why put you to all the trouble? So I will sell meal-tickets after this in the way of signing my name on paper. Any new customer comes in, you send him down and I will sign for him, if I am down there."

When the fresh country vegetables and hot dogs and Liberty cabbage are down in the truck, Peter opens up his roadside stand and goes into his sales talk. I can hear him hollering, "All hot, men, all hot! Maine potatoes! Ioway turnips! New York cowcucumbers! Genuine Connecticut cigars!" Depending on what outfit is going by. Or he might take corned beef hash or gold fish, to give our patrons a change; or punk. But he will not trade for Willie or hard bread because that is not food for man or beast.

Peter sells out the truck in jigtme, the way the traffic grabs it off him, and he comes up with a pail of money, and he is all smoked up.

"George," he says, "we have struck oil! Give me six months and I can retire for the rest of my lite. Give me the Oregon. Forty-second Street and Broadway might be more exciting, but not for business. You tell the mopes look around and bring us in some Long Island corn and Delaware peaches."

Peter was full of ambition and plans

mopes in help, and three mopes eating. I got not a care in the world, except will Peter give me my half if I don't ask him, and will the house fall down on me account of taking so much fire-wood out of the walls.

Peter is down in his roadside stand hollering, "All hot, men! Red hot! Get your fresh country vegetables right off the farm!"

Then he stops hollering, and I wonder, because I do not hear any dizzy guy hollering "Gas!" and the only time Peter stops hollering is when he got to put on his mask.

Of course, I do not worry about Peter, and the big reason I do not worry about Peter is two M.P.'s are walking in my door.

Well, soldier, they got nothing on me, but they give me a bad feeling, and they give my six in help and three patrons a bad feeling.

They promenade in and they say, "Who's in command here?"

"The C. O.?" I says. "He is down in the dog-wagon."

Then they buzz the mopes, saying, "Where is your papers? Oh, you lost your outfit. Fall out there."

"Listen, boys," I says. "Don't take all

"Where," says the looey, looking at a hill of empty cans, "is all that good food? Here is only empty cans!"



not care to wander from his own fireside. He likes to settle down and have a nice home and his own things, except that he wants to keep in the Alert zone where there are no M.P.'s.

"Some swell idea, Peter," I says. "You can be selling the souvenirs down there and I can be selling up here, hey?"

"I thought of that too, George," he says, "and I know you would be honest

for branching out bigger and better, and that is where we broke our neck. That is how it is in business, and people do very good for themselves, and then they branch out and that is where they break their neck. We was all right, up the hill in Marcq, and we might be there yet if we'd of been wise.

Well, soldier, the next day I am taking in Peter's meal tickets, and I got six

my K.P.'s and customers away from me, will you?"

"No, we will not take them away from you. We will take you with them. Fall out there. All of you, you dozy punks."

So we fall out and fall in, and they march us down the road in a military manner.

Who do we meet coming up the road but Peter. (Continued on page 41)

JUSTICE, FREEDOM,



THE first ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, comprising the Bill of Rights with its guarantees, among other benefits, of free speech, a free press, and freedom of worship, are the veritable cornerstone of Americanism. The American Legion Magazine asked the present National Chaplain, a Roman Catholic, and two Past National Chaplains, a Protestant and a Jew, to contribute to a symposium on the Bill of Rights, as part of The American Legion's observance of the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution. Their statements are published herewith.

By

Rev. Father Frank J. Lawler
National Chaplain

By

Rev. Dr. Bryan H. Keathley
Past National Chaplain

By

Rabbi Lee J. Levinger
Past National Chaplain

"FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America." These words are familiar to every Legionnaire, for they are the opening words of the Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion. To uphold and defend the Constitution of this country isn't a new program for the Legionnaires; before being accepted into membership in this patriotic organization the candidate must pledge support to this exalted document.

Almost since its inception The American Legion has observed Constitution Day (September 17) and Constitution Week. For years, the various Legion Posts have called to the attention of the citizens of our country the importance of this day—what it means to every individual in the United States. America is celebrating the 150th anniversary of the signing of this immortal document. The Legion is planning a more pretentious celebration in its Americanism program this year to honor the Constitution of our country. There is in our country today an alarming increase of un-American propaganda, which has for its main objective the complete destruction of the confidence of the American people in their Constitution and the institutions of their country. To restore the confidence of our people, to make them aware of the existence of the Constitution, how it affects and regulates their daily life—are the reasons for this observance of this notable anniversary. Every Legion Post in the country will take part in this nation-wide patriotic observance of the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Constitution.

The Constitution (*Continued on page 50*)

IN PRIMITIVE times when human blood was cheap and men lived under the law of "the survival of the fittest," liberty and freedom were meaningless terms. An individual possessed only the rights he could command with his physical strength. During the days when Rome and Greece were in their glory, governments existed largely for the purpose of preventing friction between the individual and the nation. Plato in his "Ideal State" insisted that the individual's sole excuse for living was that he might fit into the groove set for him by the State. Man continued to live under this suppression until after the Renaissance.

Probably the most important document, giving the individual his God-given liberty was that drawn up by England at the time the Bill of Rights was written. However, no nation, no flag, no ruler ever actually guaranteed the individual his personal rights to "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" until our fathers rang the Liberty Bell in old Independence Hall in Philadelphia, July 4, 1776, and until at a later date, the Bill of Rights was made a part of the Constitution of the United States.

"For six thousand nights in succession an average of fifty people have been executed in the cellars of this building," is a statement Robert Ripley has made under the picture of the Soviet Death House, located in Moscow, Russia. The building is the Prison of the OGPU. Ripley declares three hundred thousand have been killed in this one building and that they were shot from behind!

How unlike America such a nation must be. While climbing the steps leading to the beautiful Supreme Court Building in Washington (*Continued on page 50*)

THE United States was the first nation in the world to divorce citizenship from any special religion, and hence to give equal rights as citizens to Jews along with members of every other faith. Tolerance had been given by other lands in the past, even though intolerance was still the rule a century and a half ago, but equal citizenship had never even been tried before.

Probably the beginning had been made by Roger Williams in his little colony of Rhode Island. Other settlers, even refugees from persecution, had merely wanted a place where they themselves could worship in their own way, but neither Puritan Massachusetts nor Episcopalian Virginia had given equal rights to each other's citizens, while neither would even permit Catholics or Jews to settle.

After Roger Williams had shown the way, the great exponent of religious liberty was that great liberal Thomas Jefferson. One of his proudest achievements, one of the three that he ordered cited on his tombstone, was the authorship of the statute of religious freedom for his own State of Virginia. This was passed in 1785 and was followed two years later by the similar provisions in the Federal Constitution and in the First Amendment.

Of course, the opposition between the two larger churches and the many smaller ones was also concerned in the constitutional compromise, so that each was assured that he would not be molested by any other. But beneath this political factor lay the decisive American principle: Equality before the law of every American, without regard to his personal faith. This involved a complete freedom for worship, as (*Continued on page 50*)

Your JOB —

By

JACK
CROWLEY

Chairman, National Veterans
Employment Committee
THE AMERICAN LEGION

GOT a job? Probably you have. Excuse me if I pull the cream-of-American-manhood line, but hard-boiled statisticians say exactly that. I have been looking into a book called "The Money Value of a Man," by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, Statistician, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Dr. Alfred J. Lotka, Supervisor of Mathematical Research with the same organization, and these authorities, who are business men and not sentimentalists, offer data to prove that the age bracket 40-50 (which is the age bracket of The American Legion) shows the highest earning capacity in American life.

Now it certainly isn't idle boasting to assert that the pick of American citizenship in the 40-50 age bracket was in uniform in 1918, and that the pick of the pick is represented in the million who are continuing to serve God and country as members of The American Legion. We had jobs, we have jobs.

All of us, that is, except—

Well, all of us haven't got jobs. Just how many of us are unemployed is one of

the things which your National Employment Committee, with your help, wants to find out. Another thing is to find ways and means of bringing the man and the job together, and to put that program into practice.

Primarily, it's a post affair. No, your Committee is not passing the buck along to the ultimate consumer. Look at it this way: Every Legionnaire will agree that membership is first and last a post problem. Well, this employment situation can be handled in almost exactly the same fashion in which the membership situation is handled. This means that the men who have done big things for your Post in the way of membership are just the men you want in this employment setup. You have the experience of nearly twenty years behind you. You know who the men are.

Put them to work to put others to work.

Your best member-getters have been diplomats. They didn't try to strong-arm veterans into the Legion. They didn't go around rousing antagonisms. They were, and still are, solid citizens of the community—men of standing, perhaps men of substance, men with an entree into business and industry. Those qualifications, obviously, are the ones you want in your Post Employment Officer.

Once you have your man, give him a good committee—not large, but good. Be sure that one member of the commit-



THEIR Jobs

tee has a centrally-located office which can serve as headquarters—a sort of message-center for data on jobs and men to fill them. This message-center should be open throughout the business day, and at night it can be transferred to the home of a member of the committee.

Get the fact that you have named a Post Employment Officer and a Post Employment Committee into your newspapers. It's spot news. Use the radio, too, if it's available—in Texas the Legion has fifteen minutes a week on a 35-station hook-up to tell about the employment problem. Be sure the addresses of your message-centers and their telephone numbers are in the news story. By the way, have the press-release say "workers over forty," not "veterans over forty." Don't make the setup too exclusive—most of the men in your community in the age bracket in which you're interested are veterans anyway, and stressing the general rather than the veteran angle will have a better effect on the employer who is not a veteran.

Once you have established your message-centers, let your committee members and other interested Legionnaires work-

ment problem, just like the national, is largely a matter of the unskilled worker.

When you have a job to fill, hand-pick your man. If an employer wants a toolmaker, let him have your *best* toolmaker. If that best tool-maker makes good, and he certainly should, he becomes a walking testimonial to the efficacy of

You may have to educate your local employers in the desirability of the worker over forty—and then again you may not. A lot depends on the standing of your own Post in your own community.

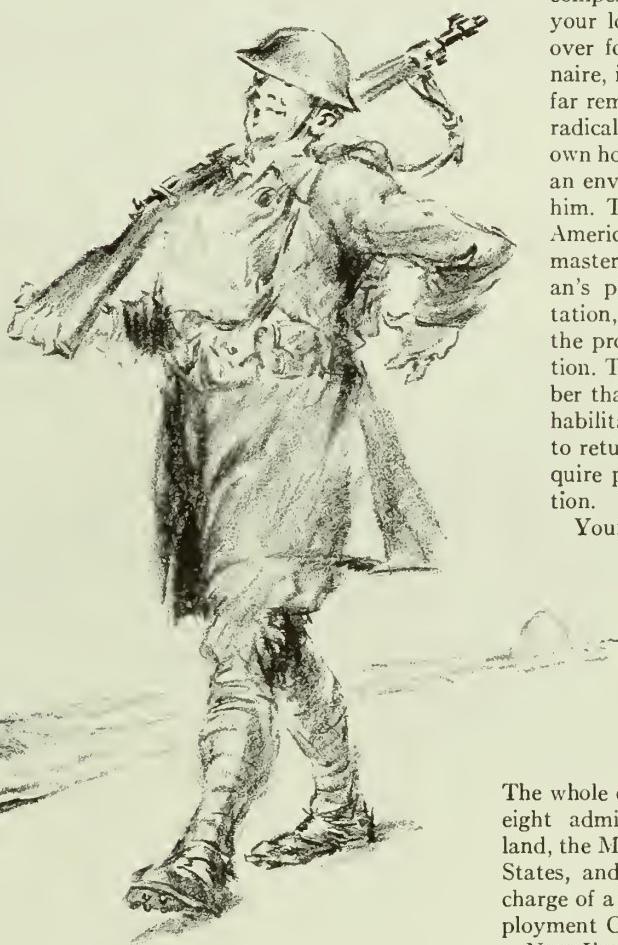
Later on in this article there will be submitted some interesting data showing how industry's attitude toward the man over forty is changing—by the way, it is a widely-held fallacy that age affects compensation insurance rates. Tell your local employers that the man over forty, particularly the Legionnaire, is a solid citizen, that he is as far removed as may be from being a radical, that he very likely owns his own home or is trying to, that he has an enviable record of service behind him. Tell your employers that The American Legion virtually unaided mastered the problem of the veteran's physical and mental rehabilitation, and that it is out to master the problem of economic rehabilitation. Tell your employers to remember that if the veteran cannot be rehabilitated economically, he is likely to return to the other group and require physical or mental rehabilitation.

Your Post Employment Committee should keep in contact with your Department Employment Chairman. Every Department has one, and he is being regularly supplied with material by the National Employment Committee.

The whole country has been divided into eight administrative areas—New England, the Middle States, the Southeastern States, and so on—and each area is in charge of a member of the National Employment Committee.

Now I've been telling you what *to do*, which is easy (the telling, not the doing). Permit me now, if only in self-defense, to show you that your National Committee has not been twiddling its thumbs and going *tst-tst-tst* over the job problem. Your National Chairman had to face a tougher crowd than a summary court when he was invited to appear before the Resolutions Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers a few weeks ago and argue the case of the Man Past Forty. That committee was a regular Who's Who of American Industry, and it must be they all make gimlets, because they had one in each eye, pointing out. Your National (*Continued on page 46*)

Cartoon by JOHN CASSEL



**He's the same man today, and
he can still do the job**

your employment service, and when that employer wants more men he's going to come to you for them. Put a weak man on the job and the prestige of your Post is lowered, and a score of other deserving and competent men may suffer.

Be sure to read the special announcement of the National Veterans' Employment Committee on page four

ing under the committee's direction (to avoid duplication of effort) establish contact with the employers in your neighborhood. Ask unemployed veterans to register at your message-center. Card-index your unemployed by age, family setup, capacity. It is hardly necessary to stress the importance of capacity—just what a man can do. For you will probably find that your local employ-

If WAR Should Come TOMORROW

By LOUIS A. JOHNSON

Assistant Secretary of War

THE United States Army is not preparing to fight any nation in the world. It is neither organized nor equipped to wage a war of aggression. Its leaders have no desire to match wits on the field of battle with war lords of either Europe or Asia.

In itself, however, the desire for peace is not enough to prevent war. The world of today offers several striking examples

come tomorrow, the United States could put into the field, ready for immediate action, fewer than half a million men; fewer than Argentine, fewer than Portugal, fewer than Greece, fewer than Switzerland, fewer than Sweden, fewer than any first-rate power and fewer than most secondary powers.

Contrast our strength and our readiness for immediate striking action with

was bold enough to assert, "I consider the intervention of America to be worth nothing at all;" and continued his lawless submarine policy.

Had we been well armed, the Central Powers might have hesitated before goading us into the international battle arena. We might have been saved from the World War.

America's role in the world affairs



Cavalry didn't have much of a chance in the World War, but next time it may be different, so—

of peaceful nations which against their will have had wars thrust upon them.

History indicates that there are two types of nations which endanger international peace.

First, there is the bully. For an example, we Legionnaires need but recall 1917-1918. Then, as before in history, the rest of the world combined, ganged up on the bully and knocked him down.

The habit of the bully is to arm himself with a big stick and, with little or no provocation and with little or no warning, to strike first. To do his villainous work effectively, he must have, upon immediate call, a large and strong standing army. On that basis, no one today could possibly accuse the United States of being a bully among nations.

We have no big stick. If war should

Russia's nineteen million, Italy's six million, France's six million, Japan's two million, Germany's two million, and the million of the British Empire, and you realize that there is little danger of our country adopting the role or cultivating the habit of an international bully.

At the opposite pole stands the cowering type of nation. It, too, encourages war. When a people completely ignores the world of realities and fails to keep itself strong, sooner or later it falls a prey to its more greedy neighbors. Its rights are respected on neither land nor sea.

Prior to our participation in the World War, the United States had approached that low, cowering level. The European combatants ignored our rights. They paid little or no attention to our pleas. The Secretary of State for the German Navy

must be neither that of the bully nor that of the cowering nation. So long as some members of the international family make force and the threat of force their national policies, however, we must stand on guard. We must keep well armed. In the final analysis, we must be prepared to conduct a successful war of defense.

To conduct any modern war successfully, a nation must have a program for the raising, organizing and training of its manpower. It must provide for their equipment, supply and transportation. It must consider the continued maintenance of the loyalty and whole-hearted support of the civilian population behind the lines. It must keep the cost of preparedness reasonable, lest it unbalance the economic life of the country and become a loathsome burden.



The Army's anti-aircraft experts say they can blanket an airplane with their fire if the airplane comes low enough to do any damage

Our national defense program attempts to cover all these vital needs. Let us study it in greater detail.

First, as to manpower. In this phase of national defense, the United States is potentially the strongest among the nations of the world. By manpower we mean something more than mere numerical supremacy. If numbers alone counted, the history of the last few months in the Orient might never have been written. Only men of strength, of intelligence, and of skill, and men available for military effort, properly should be included in measuring manpower.

Due to our training and our education, we have men of a high degree of intelligence. Due to our scientific agricultural methods, we can spare a greater human reserve for military effort than any other nation. To feed ourselves, the United

States requires for work on the farm but twenty-two out of every one hundred of its population. To keep from starvation, Germany needs thirty-eight out of every



one hundred, France forty-five, Italy sixty-five, Japan seventy, Russia eighty,



and China eighty-five to ninety. In short we excel the world in the potential reserve of manpower that can be released for war effort.

The vital problem in an emergency would be to convert the manpower of America into an immediate military asset. Since our plan of preparedness is purely defensive in character, our program of mobilization of manpower follows the same general pattern. With a small force of less than one half million men ready in case of immediate emergency, we cannot afford to rush them all out at once. We are confident, however, that if war should come tomorrow, we would be ready to put into the field, within the first month, three hundred thousand men to resist the first shock of invasion.

Thirty days later we would hope to have available a force of six hundred thousand. At the end of four months, or after a selective service act had been put into operation, we could expect that one and one half million men would be in uniform and under arms.

Between the opening of hostilities and the operation of the selective service act, the Army will have to be filled by some form of voluntary enlistment. Our past experience with recruiting is far from reassuring. In April, 1917, after months of anticipation, we obtained but eighty-six thousand volunteers. Today, we want to procure in the first month after the opening of hostilities an additional one hundred thousand for the Regular Army and a similar (Continued on page 52)

As you were. They still do squads east and west, but the new Army knows a lot more stuff than we did



GIRL of the

By

JOHN J. NOLL

shortly after the beginning of the conflict that was destined to include almost all of civilization. While her young husband was just gaining a foothold in the legal profession, he found an additional outlet for his energies in local military activities, having enlisted in the National Guard of the State of Washington. Although she fully understood and shared his interest in his country's defense, Clara Douglas amusingly admits now that she was occasionally

Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. Below, Mrs. Douglas, with nine-months-old Jean during the summer of 1917

WHEN in New York City last September The American Legion Auxiliary unanimously elected Mrs. Malcolm Douglas of Seattle as its National President, it was with the assurance that it had chosen as its leader a woman whose record of service to the organization was without parallel and a woman whose understanding of its vast program and manifold problems was sound. The women of the Auxiliary admired Clara Douglas for her dignity and poise, her clear-minded judgment, a determination of purpose that is belied by a quiet, calm disposition, and a forthright manner of carrying through well-thought-out decisions. They recognized the yeoman service she had rendered the Auxiliary in all of its branches from its very founding days.

Clara Corwin Douglas's early interest in this world's largest organization of patriotic women can perhaps be traced to an experience that befell few young brides during the World War. She married Malcolm Douglas in August, 1914,



distressed during those early months of her marriage because "Malcolm always had his nose in the newspapers keeping advised of the news from Europe."

But the full purport of the trials and sacrifices of war came to Mrs. Douglas

with dramatic suddenness. When the chain of circumstances finally caused our country to declare war, the Clan Douglas, which now included a baby girl, Jean, was happy in its Seattle home. With the establishment of officers' training camps, Clara Douglas approved her husband's early enrolment, and upon his assignment to the first of these camps at the Presidio of San Francisco, she closed their home, gathered up her six-months-old girl, and followed her husband to the Golden Gate for the duration of the camp. The evening Malcolm came home and made known the fact that he had won a commission as a first lieutenant she was proud, but then came the startling announcement that he, with twelve other newly-commissioned officers, had received orders to proceed immediately for service with the A. E. F. That order was handed the new lieutenant within two hours after he had accepted his commission in August, 1917.

Stemming from a long line of patriots who had served their country in all of its wars, Mrs. Douglas was prepared to meet the situation bravely. Closing their temporary home, the Douglasses sailed the following day for Seattle; hurried farewells were spoken and Lieutenant Douglas continued to New York City for embarkation to France. The young husband and father was off to the wars and Clara Douglas was faced with the problem of re-ordering her life. With her baby she returned to the home of her parents in Spokane and resumed the position in the high school which, as Clara Corwin, she had resigned three years earlier to marry Malcolm. There she carried on during her husband's two-year absence.

Clara Corwin Douglas's forebears were among the earliest settlers in New England. In 1636 Matthias Corwin and his brother arrived in the Massachusetts Bay Colony from England and settled at Ipswich. Two years later Matthias joined a group of English Puritans under the leadership of Theophilus Eaton and the Reverend John Davenport and journeyed to Connecticut, where they established the settlement that later became the town of New Haven. Within a few years, Matthias Corwin was again on his pioneering way. With a party of New Haven men under the direction of the Reverend John Youngs, he crossed Long

GOLDEN WEST



Keith



Jean



Donald

Island Sound to settle the eastern end of Long Island—the western end was still in the hands of the Dutch. Their first town of Southold—the “south hold of New Haven”—was admitted to the New Haven Jurisdiction in 1643-44.

The Corwin family owned a great part of eastern Long Island in the vicinity of Mattituck, and from then until now descendants of the Corwins have been identified with the history of the Island. It is recorded that when the colonists revolted against the mother country, many acres of the Corwin holdings were deeded over to the new colonial government. Many Corwins distinguished themselves in battle during the war and twenty-four members of the family were among the first outspoken supporters of the newly-established Government of the United States.

With the gradual opening of the country to the west of the original colonies, branches of the Corwin family followed the migration into the territories that were to become the States of Kentucky and Ohio. There many of them gained note as preachers, doctors and lawyers, outstanding among them being Thomas Corwin, a great-grand-uncle of Clara Corwin Douglas.

Born in Kentucky, Thomas's family moved, when he was a boy of four, to what later became Lebanon, Ohio. Though raised on a farm, through self-education he won admittance to the bar during his early twenties. Following 1831 he turned to politics, being active in the Whig and, later, the Republican Party, and after serving four terms in the national House of Representatives he was elected Governor of the State of Ohio. After five years' service as one of Ohio's Senators, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Fillmore. In 1859, Thomas Corwin was returned to the House, where in the critical days preceding the War between the States he served as chairman



Then Captain Malcolm Douglas, 15th Field Artillery, Second Division. Now Superior Court Judge Malcolm Douglas, Washington State

of the important Congressional Committee of 33 which unsuccessfully attempted a compromise after seven of the Southern States had seceded from the Union.

The Corwins' gradual migration West which eventually was to take some of them to the Pacific Coast continued. A generation later, James H. Corwin left his eastern home to seek greater opportunities and during the journey west met Mary Reinhardt, later to become his wife, in Iowa. After their marriage the James Corwins moved to Colorado. There it was that Clara, eldest of the four Corwin children, was born, and her early education was begun in the public schools of Denver.

When, just before the turn of the century, gold was discovered in Alaska, the Pacific Northwest began a period of unprecedented development and the sudden prominence of that section proved a magnet for thousands of Americans, among whom eventually were James Corwin and his family. He selected Spokane, metropolis of the “Inland Empire,” the vast area between the Rockies and the Cascade range that rightfully boasts of its pine-clad mountains, rivers and waterfalls, its orchards and fertile fields, as their new home. Clara's education was continued in the schools of Washington. While participating in all of the school activities, she showed a natural talent for dramatic art which won for her roles in many of the class plays.

Following her schooling, Clara Corwin's services were enlisted as secretary to the principal and as librarian of Spokane High School and she found opportunity to continue coaching the drama group and assist in the production of school plays. During this period a young professor was added to the school faculty—Malcolm Douglas, who came from Ohio University. Soon after Douglas had received his A. B. degree, he taught history for a year in the high school at Wichita, Kansas, and then came the offer that took him to Spokane.

The friendship that developed between Clara Corwin and the history professor was continued after Douglas received a teaching fellowship at the University of Washington and had moved to Seattle. Following a tradition of earlier Douglasses, Malcolm Douglas took a law course at the university and upon obtaining his degree and being admitted to the bar began practice (*Continued on page 44*)



GOING to BE

By JOHN R. QUINN

*Past National Commander
THE AMERICAN LEGION*

*President, 1938 American Legion Convention Corporation
of LOS ANGELES*



LEGIONNAIRES this year will hold their annual national convention in Los Angeles.

And so, because the name of the city will be used hundreds of thousands of times the next few months by those who will come here, it might be well, at the outset, to have a lesson in Spanish pronunciation.

Los Angeles, according to those who profess to know, is pronounced "Lowz Angelaz" with the "Ang" of the second part pronounced like the first syllable of "angling." It takes the accent of the combination word too.

However, most folk probably will continue to give it the current Midwest pronunciation "Loss Anjelus."

It may be of passing interest to know that the present name of the next convention city was once much longer. When Governor Felipe de Neve was commanded by King Carlos of Spain to institute a pueblo, or town, here in 1781 he gave it the name of "El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula." Translated it means "The town of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels of Porciuncula." The latter was the name of the river. It has since been named Los Angeles River. The town continued to be known by this long and euphonious designation until the American traders began to come "around the Horn" and trade with the Spanish settlers and Indians who made up the population. The traders, with little knowledge of Spanish or its musical connotations,

Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, where the West begins to end

shortened the name to "Los Angeles."

Mention was made in the preceding paragraph of the fact that Governor Felipe de Neve was ordered to establish a pue-



Hollywood Boulevard, now and for the future the world's best known street. Below, Warner Brothers Studio at Burbank, which you'll visit



The Mexican motif runs through almost everything in Southern California. Here it's exemplified in an outdoor store at Los Angeles

lo here in 1781. The governor was at Mission San Gabriel, 14 miles from the present downtown part of Los Angeles. The missions were the centers of white civilization, being built, with native help, by the early Spanish priests who followed the mariner explorers, Cabrillo in 1542 and Vizcaíno in 1602.

Today the Mission San Gabriel, operated by the Claretian order of Catholic padres, is the center of interest of the town of San Gabriel, the home of the Legion two-time winning corps of the national drum and bugle corps competition and at present national champion.

The Indians, who already had a communal form of life on a few acres of what today is Los Angeles, were known as Yang Na. Ethnologists are one in saying that the red men of this section bore little resemblance to the much higher civilized tribes of the Middle West, Eastern or Northern part of what today is the United States. They had no arts or crafts and no organized form of society. They were subject to disease and invading tribes had

an ANGELENO?



The oranges you've read about. Below, Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, site of the '32 Olympics, the best place to watch the Convention Parade



little difficulty in winning from them in battle. The early Spanish priests changed all this. The missions, established from San Diego to San Francisco, became the focal point, in their respective districts, of all activities. The raising of animals for food and hides was developed. Agriculture was taught. Religion brought a sense of responsibility. A few learned how to read and write.

Yet, even with the coming of the Spanish, there was little intercourse with the outside world. Trading was forbidden.

In 1822 Mexico divorced herself from Spanish rule and California became a Mexican territory. There was little change, however. The governors looted the country for their personal fortunes and permitted trading only to obtain articles of manufacture not made here. Hides and tallow were the media of exchange with the Yankees who made port at San Pedro, now a part of Los Angeles.

School histories dismiss the settlement of California generally with a single paragraph saying that the Spanish explorers

came here fifty years after Columbus discovered America and that, later, priests established a few missions. The truth is that the civilization of the West Coast of California began some time after the

gold, that it received any appreciable degree of national recognition. Some of the early Yankee traders, it is true, assimilated with the Spanish and Mexicans, marrying the Spanish doñas and becoming great landowners. These were known as "Californicos." The 30 or 40 years preceding the discovery of gold, and the hegira of Americans westward, was



You guessed it,
that's the Pacific
—sunshine and all

landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

It was not, however, until the coming of the Americans in great numbers to California, following the discovery of

the Golden Age of history of this section. The huge ranchos, comprising from 5,000 to 50,000 or more acres, produced quantities of cattle, grapes and other fruits but, in the main, agriculture was confined to the comparatively few acres that could be irrigated near the streams. Life was easy, labor was cheap and any occasion was suitable for a celebration or fandango where barbecued steers and sheep formed the pièce de résistance for a three-day or week period of merry making.

Although there is a population of 3,000,000 in Southern California today and, obviously, much more modern activity, the spirit of the early California era still prevails to a degree almost impossible to believe in these more hectic days.

The people here are hospitable. In this connection Byron C. Hanna, former president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, in a greeting to a convention in 1936 said, "Perhaps it is our inheritance from the days of the Spanish pioneers who founded the city 167 years ago, seven years before the independence of the United States was proclaimed. Perhaps it is the climate. A homogeneous city, Los Angeles has in it people from all sections of the country and the world.

"Here they undergo another 'melting.' Here they acquire a new viewpoint. Here they truly become Angelenos, at peace with the world, friendly with (Continued on page 42)



San Gabriel Mission, one of the most famous of a long line up and down the Coast, fourteen miles from downtown Los Angeles

The BATTLE of the PREACHERS

By

EARL A. BLACKMAN

Past National Chaplain
THE AMERICAN LEGION

THE war was just over and already things were getting dull. A single question was on the lips of every member of the A. E. F.—“When do we go home?”

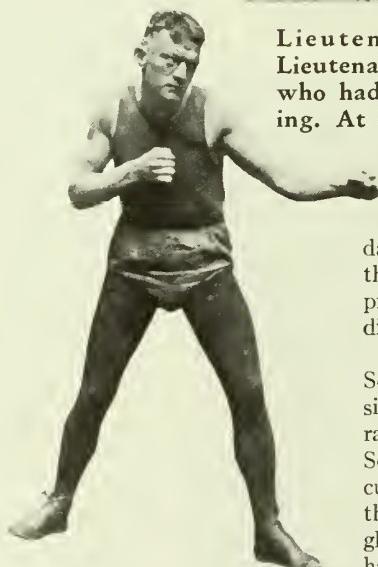
Weeks passed and most units were still just where they were when the fighting stopped. Orders came now and then—orders for drill, orders to motorize some of the horse-drawn artillery regiments. New supplies were issued—possibly, it was rumored, we were going into Germany. Regimental commanders insisted upon a rigid routine. The men could not understand.

No one thought of all the red tape and the meticulous administrative details that had to be thrown into reverse gear before he could even start home. Paperwork had to be turned in the other direction. It took time. And time hung heavy. Entertainment and excitement were sadly lacking. Chaplains were at their wits' end to keep up morale.

My regiment, the 130th Field Artillery of the 60th Brigade, 35th Division, was left in its fighting position about fifteen kilometers southeast of Verdun. We were technically detached from the 35th Division, for we had been supporting an artilleryless Division just before the Armistice. We were orphaned in a desolate, battle-ridled section of the line. French billets, no shelter at mess-time, insufficient stoves to heat sleeping quarters, one candle per



Lieutenant Blackman and Lieutenant Richie Mitchell, who had a share in his training. At left, Chaplain Blackman ready for all comers in his class



day for each fifty men—all this was not a very bright prospect for homesick soldiers.

Just above the village of Sommedieu, lying on both sides of a scrubby, timbered ravine, was a French camp—Senegalese. Our regiment occupied this camp, which in the winter was about the gloomiest place on earth. It had one striking peculiarity.

The acoustic properties were perfect. One could stand at the lower end of the camp and, speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, be heard distinctly at the farthest upper end. What a jargon of conversation in the darkness one could catch almost any night! It was nothing for some homesick soldier from one of the

batteries at the lower end to step outside his billet and yell to a buddy nearly a mile away, challenging him to a battle to the death with bayonets or anything else. Just to break the awful monotony, choice repartee was passed back and forth across the camp almost every evening. This might be varied now and then when some soldier climbing one of the steep sides of the ravine to his billet would lose his footing and slip in the loose dirt and fall, barking his shins on a protruding stake—then the air would become redolent with choice profanity plus—and oh, the echoes! A whole battery would join in the chorus, kidding the unfortunate victim. If said victim happened to have a good strong voice the profanity would get louder and louder. If one-tenth of the fights started thus in embryo had been completed, the medical detachment would have been busy all the time. But even entertainment such as this could not dispel the gloom.

The 35th Division Quartermaster refused to own us. We could get no mail, no supplies, no pay. There we were. A month passed, and the men were grumbling and grousing. Morale was getting low.

AS chaplain of my regiment, I wondered what could be done to bolster up its spirit. Day after day as I went from battery to battery it was the same old story—grousing, discouragement, complaints. Little chance for athletics, no recreation, no amusement—card-decks all worn out—nothing to read—even Y. M. C. A. Testaments threadbare—nothing to do—daylight about 8:30 in the morning, darkness about four in the afternoon, drilling in rain and mud, and then the long weary hours of the night. Everybody grumbled and complained, which was perhaps a good thing after all, for it kept the men from going goofy and made them tired enough to sleep half the night—that is, half the darkness. After fifty men burned up one candle, and then slept as long as they could sleep, there was nothing else to do but sit, lie, stand, or walk in the darkness. Arguments were about the only pastime—arguments about politics, religion, philosophy, war, women, athletics, everything imaginable and many things not imaginable.

Two sets of boxing gloves were available for the whole regiment. These were used freely and (*Continued on page 54*)

THE BIGGER PARADE

ON SEPTEMBER 20th next, at Los Angeles, The American Legion will put on, according to time-honored custom, the 1938 edition of the greatest peacetime pageant in America. That pageant will last for hours—in order to determine the exact number of hours, consult any morning newspaper of the day after. The New York parade of 1937 lasted something like eighteen hours—a long procession in any man's town, and something the like of which America's biggest town had never seen before.

The Los Angeles show won't be so very different—a whole lot more Oregonians and Washingtonians (and—oh, yes—Californians), perhaps not so many Pennsylvanians and Maineites, though if Department Adjutants Ed Linsky and Jim Boyle want to file indignant demurrers to this statement we'll print them. The geographical accent will be a little differently distributed, stressed a little less strongly at one point, a little more strongly at another. But it will come to the same thing at Los Angeles as it did at New York, at Cleveland, at St. Louis, at Chicago, and back along the file of the years to Minneapolis in 1919, and that same thing is that The American Legion on parade is America on parade.

It is a stirring, a heart-warming, a magnificent spectacle, and it is regrettable (though the newsreels do the best they can to spread the record of it far and wide) that America is so vast in extent that all America cannot see it every year instead of a handful like two million or so. What a thrill would go up and down the land (omitting, for the avoidance of argument, any such consideration as the throb of aching feet) if that parade could move from Pacific to Atlantic in one great, pulsing irresistible tide of Americanism!

WELL, it just happens that here is something very much like that parade—something that marches not just on one day but every day of the year toward the objective of a finer country. It is the whole American Legion—not merely that collectible and visible fraction of it that marched at New York and will march again at Los Angeles.

If you could see it in action, swinging along at route step, you would note that its members looked very much like a convention procession save that they were in every-day clothes—no finery, no uniforms, no bands, no bugle corps, no strutting drum-majors. The drum-majors are there, you understand, but you can't recognize them as drum-majors. Why, there's one now, struggling under the load of some queer contraption that certainly has nothing to do with

leading a band. No, it hasn't—it's a pneumothorax machine, a device of tremendous value in the treatment of tuberculosis. The Post to which the drum-major belongs is giving the apparatus to its local anti-tuberculosis chapter, and there are no strings attached.

What is this apparently endless chain of swanky delivery trucks, every one looking as if it had come smack out of Ye Snootie Paris Shoppe loaded with the last word in everything that is elegant, dainty and chic? Look again—they're ambulances, hundreds of them, each one the last word in construction and equipment. Brother, if you must break a leg or even your neck, do it now—you'll never have a more glorious opportunity for a smooth, comfortable ride to a hospital, and you'll reach it in just as good order as if you'd only fallen out of bed right inside the institution. Yes, there are hundreds of Legion-sponsored ambulances, nobody seems to know just how many*—enough, certainly, to have spelled the difference between life and death in scores of instances, in scores of communities.

WHAT group is this, thousands strong? That's the Legion Life Brigade—blood donors, ready at a second's notice when a transfusion is required. No one has ever counted them, and they don't hold reunions. But wouldn't they rate a glorious hand if you could get them into a real convention parade—and wouldn't they get it?

Here's a goofy sort of unit—several hundred men each toting a bucket of water. Fire somewhere, perhaps? No—every one of these fellows represents a Post that has equipped a swimming pool for its home town—in most cases that means a playground too. You couldn't expect the pool itself in the parade—hence the bucket. And that rather sizable squad of half a million youths, who'll take a few hours to pass just by themselves, that's the Legion's Junior Baseball delegation.

Stick around, neighbor—the show will take several days yet—three hundred and sixty-five, if you want to see it all, and by that time the head of the column will be around again—this parade, you see, never stops. But you don't have to stay in one spot to watch it. Go anywhere in America, and some places outside of America, and you'll see it swinging by—night or day, city or country, anywhere you may happen to be. Its name is Legion, and its creed is God and country.

* But this publication wants to know the exact figure. Will the Adjutant of every Post which has given an ambulance to its community, or taken the lead in an ambulance project, address a brief statement of the facts to Ambulance Editor, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City? No matter if you've written before, please write again so that we can have, as nearly as possible, a complete and up-to-the-minute census of Legion-sponsored community ambulances. Thank you.

The LOST

By

FLETCHER PRATT
and
THOMAS
M. JOHNSON

THE siege of the Lost Battalion stands unique among American World War stories—but we don't know the half of it. The German half, untold until here and now, is a fascinating tale which proves that that handful of Americans, surrounded for five days and nights in the Argonne Forest, were heroes not to us alone, but also to their German foemen. Those few hundred "drafties" from the sidewalks of New York and the plains of the West ruined the arrangements of a whole German Corps and used up a Division; and the rescuing attacks of their friends made it impossible for the Germans to hold the forest.

So say the German official records, histories, former officers, including two generals, giving us generous and honest help in writing a forthcoming book about the Lost Battalion.

We have spared no effort to make complete this first full-length account of an episode that, like any war episode, had two sides.

About the besieged Americans, we found quite readily a wealth of material hitherto unpublished; about the besieging Germans at first almost nothing. Yet their records and their memories alone could complete the picture.

The War Department made available such German records as it could, and afforded contact with the *Reichsarchiv* in Potsdam, repository of the vast German

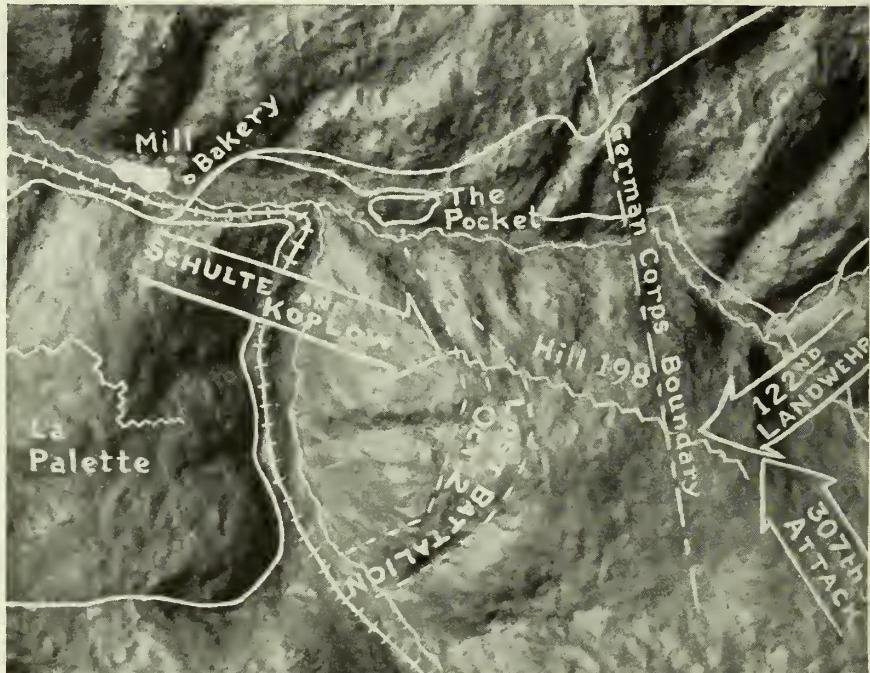


Lieutenant Victor Harrington, captured, told the Germans a story that stuck for a good twenty-four hours. Right, Legionnaire Harrington in 1938



an outstanding German participant; unit histories, personal reminiscences and anecdotes.

They reveal the surrounding Germans as good soldiers, themselves often hard-pressed front and flank, but frankly sometimes less foxy than many Americans thought. So far from fooling the Lost Battalion into believing themselves surrounded by superior numbers, it was



Historic ground, this section of the Argonne where the Lost Battalion of the 308th Infantry, 77th Division, would not surrender—from a relief map executed by the authors.

The road from Binarville to Apremont is at the top

archives. The *Reichsarchiv* courteously placed us in touch with former officers of the German units surrounding the Lost Battalion; the veterans' magazine of one unit, the 76th Reserve Division *Nachrichtenblatt*, published an appeal to its readers for help. Thus we received valuable documents: the diary of General Wellmann, who commanded the I Reserve Korps; an account by Hauptmann, now General Hansen,

the Germans who were fooled by an astonishing and hitherto uncelebrated Yankee trick. Too late they discovered the truth; then tried to burn up the besieged men with flame-throwers, had the flame-throwers knocked out and were repulsed with loss.

The Germans deny that they led the Americans into a craftily laid trap. "Pfui Teufel! Your men broke our main line of resistance in the Argonne; our last main line. But the supporting troops did not follow, so we slipped in behind the advance elements. They were not a 'lost battalion' but a 'belagerte bataillon.' They gave our Hessians of the 76th Reserve Division as much trouble as their ancestors gave our Hessians in your revolution."

The episode of the Lost Battalion began on the afternoon of October 2, 1918, when the amalgamated First and Second Battalions, 308th Infantry of the 77th Division, under the command of Major Charles W. Whittlesey, burst through the German lines at the rim of the Argonne. The German defense line at the spot they hit was extremely good—a double trench in woods, with plenty of wire and "Grand Hotel" dugouts—yet the doughboys came through without difficulty and almost without loss, having only eight dead in over 600 men.

How did this happen? It was a double

BATTALION, *As the GERMANS Saw it*

accident, due to the position and the fog of war. The broken line was a southeast switch along the crest of Hill 198, its western end terminating in a steep-walled ravine, across which loomed the heavily-fortified headland of La Palette. On the east the switch was closed by a wild tangle of rocks and caves, and near this point lay the corps boundary between General Wellmann's I Reserve Corps and General von Kleist's Army Group Argonne. Against this crest there had come during the morning of October 2d an attack of the 307th U. S. Infantry. They broke through into the lines of the 122d Landwehr Regiment, who held the spot for the Army Group Argonne. The Landwehr called for help; could not get it from their own corps, but did get it from the troops of the 254th Reserve Infantry Regiment in Wellmann's Corps, who were occupying most of the switch.

That same morning the French hit Wellmann's line hard, west of La Palette, and knocked a hole in it. The German general had to throw in his whole corps reserve to stop them, calling more troops from Hill 198 westward to hold La Palette. It would be just before noon when front line messages speaking of the

trouble caused by the 307th reached Hauptmann von Sybel, Chief of Staff of the 76th Reserve Division, which was part of the I Reserve Corps, and of which the 254th formed a part. Wellmann had taken all his reserves to stop the French. He could only send to the front 20 men who with their Lieutenant Kling were getting a brief rest. They had to work through the barrage that preceded Whittlesey's afternoon attack against Hill 198; when they did work through, they found themselves in trenches over a kilometer long from which every other man had been withdrawn to left or right, and were instantly surrounded by the two American battalions of Whittlesey's command. Very naturally, they surrendered on the spot.

The first intimation Von Sybel had that things had gone wrong was when the usual afternoon reports from the hill failed to come in to division headquarters. This looked bad; and when, just after

dark, the 254th reported that they had taken a single American prisoner near Charlevaux Mill, behind La Palette, things looked worse still, for right in this neighborhood lay the big field bakery that supplied the whole

76th Reserve Division with its bread and the kitchen that made soup for the 254th. The prisoner (he was Private John Hutt) said two war-strength American companies had penetrated the line, and Hill 198 was in their hands.

Von Sybel sacrificed his sleep to hold hurried telephonic conferences with Corps and with Hauptmann Hansen, who was in temporary command of the 254th. Corps had no help to give that night, but would

mount a counter-attack to recover the hill in the morning; Hansen said his men had been fighting all day and he needed them all to hold La Palette, so Von Sybel was driven to the desperate resource of making a night scouting patrol out of the 76th Pioneer Company, which had been working on the roads behind La Palette.

The men had to be routed from their rest and given rifles; it was therefore a quarter after eleven when Lieutenant Schulte of the 254th, commanding the movement, led them forth to find out the situation. The world seemed to end at the ravine, and it was into a forest mysterious as a fairy-tale that Schulte plunged, stumbling among rocks and through thick undergrowth. There were no Americans in the ravine, nor on the lip of the hill, which the German soldiers promptly named "the Devil's ground." But it would be useless to push much farther, too easy to get lost in those nightmare woods; Schulte turned back through the ground near the mill, assured himself the bakery was still uncaptured by the Americans, and then turned in behind La Palette, where he reported to Rittmeister Nieter, who received him with the remark that this reinforcement allowed him to breathe easy for the first time in three days.

In the small hours of the morning Schulte's runners (*Continued on page 56*)



Flame-throwers even nineteen and a half years ago were schrecklichkeit of the first order



Lowell R. Hollingshead, wounded and captured, bore back to Major Whittlesey the Germans' courteous written demand to surrender



20

THIS month-to-month, day-to-day calendar of America's share in the World War does not seek to be all-inclusive or even partly inclusive. It simply attempts to recall the tempo and color of an era in which the Legionnaire-to-be played an essential part.

Newspaper editors everywhere are invited to make use of any of the material in this calendar, and in all future calendars in the series, without the necessity of further permission, provided credit is given The American Legion Magazine for the reprinting. In many instances they will wish to supplement this general chronicle of events with local citations that will recall how the war touched their own communities.

APRIL 1

Germans mass troops near Albert for renewed thrust at British; French repulse hostile attacks against Grivesnes; long-range bombardment of Paris is resumed.

United States Navy Department formally takes over all Dutch ships and cargoes in American waters.

United States ship *Aztec* is torpedoed and sunk off Ushant.

British forces in Asia Minor advance seventy-three miles beyond Anah and menace Aleppo.

2

For first time since opening of March 21st offensive, British positions south of the Somme suffer no hostile attack.

International Baseball League votes to disband after twenty-six years' existence. The New York Giants are concluding their training season at San Antonio, Texas. At Little Rock, Arkansas, the Boston Red Sox and the Brooklyn Dodgers are engaged in a pre-season series, with Babe Ruth of the Red Sox doing some phenomenal hitting.

3

German troops land in Finland; Finnish White Guards capture Tammerfors from the Bolsheviks.

United States Treasury announces that the approximate cost to America of the first year of the war has been \$9,000,000,000, half of which is in loans to the Allies.

Generals Pershing and Tasker H. Bliss attend meeting of Supreme War Council at Beauvais, with Clemenceau presiding.

Dr. Karl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is interned as an enemy alien.

4

Germans renew attack in west on both banks of the Somme, pressing back both French and British in furious assaults.

Armenians retake Erzerum from the Turks.

Third Division headquarters arrives in France.

5

French and British resistance stiffens in face of renewed German onslaughts in Somme battle.

British and Japanese marines land at Vladivostok.

Sergeant David E. Putnam of Newton, Massachusetts, and the Lafayette Escadrille becomes an ace with five German planes downed.

W. T. Tilden and Cecil Donaldson eliminate champions Alexander and Rosenbaum in national indoor tennis title play.

Soft collars for men in much greater demand, fashion authorities say.

6

First anniversary of America's entry into war coincides with launching of the \$3,000,000,000 Third Liberty Loan drive. "Force to the utmost" will be America's answer to the enemy, says President Wilson in Baltimore address.

Germans attack along French front from Montdidier eastward, being repulsed everywhere save along the left bank of the Oise in the Chauny sector.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, speaking at Cleveland, discloses that a great fleet of American vessels, including battleships, is operating in the war zone.

7

Germans score new advance along Oise; British repel assaults in vicinity of Albert.

American railway engineers fighting with Canadians repel German attacks all the way from near St. Quentin to vicinity of Noyon.

Russian fleet escapes from Helsingfors.

Irish angrily retort to Lloyd George's demand that they be included in plans for extension of draft age to ages 18 and 50.

American casualty list publication is resumed on cabled order from War Secretary Baker.

8

Heavy shelling of British lines indicates early resumption of German offensive; Germans score gains against French along Ailette River.

French headquarters announces that location of Big Bertha has been discovered and that aviators have dropped bombs in vicinity.

9

Second great German thrust begun on Western Front; British attacked on Lys, Germans breaking through three-mile gap between Estaires and Bac St. Maur.

President Wilson creates National War Labor Board, under which former President William H. Taft and Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, as co-chairmen, are able to eliminate strikes during the rest of the war.

10

Germans pour through gap in British lines and launch terrific assault on Messines Ridge, causing fall of Armentières and its garrison of several thousand men.

Senators demand one-man control of aircraft production to expedite program.

U. S. Treasury announces \$44,000,000 loan to Greece.

Lenin protests to Washington at landing of Japanese at Vladivostok.

11

Germans launch attack in La Bassée sector, attempting vainly to take Givenchy and Festubert. Also attack along front from La Bassée to Ypres-Comines Canal, making progress in center toward Hazebrouck but checked on wings by

YEARS AGO

defenses around both Ypres and Arras.

41 dead as U. S. S. *Lakemoor* is torpedoed by German submarine. Survivors picked up by British vessel *Corbett* and landed at Belfast, Ireland.

12

Merville taken by Germans, who are but five miles from Hazebrouck. Situation so critical Field Marshal Haig in orders of the day issued to British army declares: "Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

German airplanes bomb east coast of England, killing five and injuring fifteen, all civilians.

Charles M. Schwab made director general of United States Emergency Fleet Corporation.

13

Formal announcement made that Ferdinand Foch is generalissimo of allied forces.

A "Greater Finland" is promised by the Kaiser with collapse of

Russian effort to hold off Germans.

Capt. James Norman Hall and Lieut. Paul Frank Baer become first American airmen to win D. S. C.

The American Red Cross has 2500 workers in France and is running 20 first class hospitals and 76 dispensaries, Paris announcement shows.

A "Soldiers University" behind the American lines in France will be established, under chairmanship of Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University, American GHQ reveals.

14

Colors of 104th Infantry, 26th Division, decorated with Croix de Guerre for regiment's prowess in April 12th attack in Bois Brûlé sector (Apremont). Regiment is first American military unit

in history to receive a foreign decoration.

British and French land on the Kola peninsula.

U. S. bakers required to increase from 20 to 25 percent amount of substitutes for wheat in bread.

15



molen from the British.

Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, retires.

British grand fleet sinks ten German trawlers in the Cattegat.

Helsingfors in Finland occupied by German troops.

Three soldiers killed, 37 injured when train carrying 700 members of 305th Infantry to Camp Upton, Long Island, hits broken rail and coaches overturn.

Andes crossed for first time by airplane, Lieutenant Cendelaria of Argentine army making it at an altitude of 10,000 feet.

Cotton breaks on New York exchange from 31.15 a pound to 28.95, or \$11 a bale shrinkage, on May contracts.

16

British retire from Passchendaele as Germans extend operations beyond Bailleul and Wytschaete.

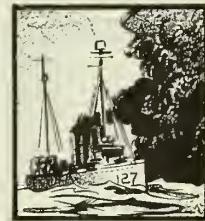
War Secretary Baker reaches America following tour of A. E. F.

Bolo Pasha, Frenchman who gained control of several newspapers by means of German funds and had them advocate defeatism, is executed for treason by

French.

Canada to call for service all males between ages of 19 and 23.

Ten brigadier generals of National Army nominated by President Wilson to be major generals, 27 colonels for brigadierships.



National League baseball season opens, one day behind American League's start.

17

British recapture Wytschaete, but are driven out again almost at once. Germans occupy Poelcappelle, Langemarck, and Passchendaele.

French reinforce British on the Lys.

Seventeen U. S. sailors killed when S. S. *Florence H.*, anchored at Quiberon, with cargo of explosives for France, is destroyed by explosion of probably internal origin.

Turks capture Batum, Transcaucasus port on Black Sea.

18

Germans deliver terrific assault upon British positions from Givenchy to neighborhood of St. Venant. British retirement brings them almost to line occupied after first Battle of Ypres in 1914, but this key city holds despite furious attacks.

French airplanes drop tons of projectiles on German positions in region of Ham, Guiscard and Noyon.

Royal assent makes new British military service act law. Draft age is raised to fifty and conscription goes into effect in Ireland.

19

British beat off assaults on Mont Kemmel and recover ground west of Robecq.

French and American troops raid German line on Meuse, find positions deserted.

Long range shelling of Paris is resumed by Germans.

U. S. Marine Corps strength raised from 30,000 to 75,000.

Italian troops reach western front.

20

Units of 26th American Division repulse German raid at Seicheprey.

U. S. Naval Appropriation Bill of \$1,312,000,000 passed by Congress.

Belgians give ground temporarily near Passchendaele Canal, but later regain it.

Japan sends reinforcements to Vladivostok, as Russian Bolsheviks move munitions westward.

Siberian Pro- (Continued on page 48)

STORMTROOPER

By
W.W. ROSS

Synopsis

IN 1914, aged eighteen and a student of philosophy and economics in a great German university, Herr Ross enlisted for the duration. He was a replacement in front of Soissons with the war less than two months old, was engaged with his command in a terrific hand-to-hand struggle with Senegalese, then led a successful raid on a French trench, which won him assignment to an officers' training camp. In seven weeks he was a lieutenant, assigned to the Masurian Lakes sector, fighting the Russians and their traditional winter ally, sub-zero weather. Wounded and hospitalized, he returned to the Western Front a captain, to meet the British drive of September, 1915. Hospital again and then back into the line against the British. He was transferred to the Carpathians and was once more facing the Russians in the spring of 1917.

PART TWO

THE United States has declared war on us."

That was the news another German officer passed on to me while our Division was serving in the Carpathian Mountains. Interesting news to us on that remote front, but at the time it seemed of little consequence. In action against the Allies in France, Russia, and Belgium, I had often seen fuse caps, shell cases, and duds which bore the marks of American munitions makers. Perhaps the shells which had wounded me twice had been shipped across the Atlantic from the na-

tion I was to know well in the future. So the Americans had declared war, had they? Well, I thought, that just made it official. My comrade and I idly wondered whether, if American troops followed munitions, very many of them would be Indians.

Campaigning in the Carpathians was an unique experience. The Russians and Rumanians had broken through the Austro-Hungarian line in the summer of 1916, and my Division was one of five

The ski detachment caught the Russians completely by surprise

which the German High Command sent to help halt the drive and roll it back. By the time I rejoined after recovery from wounds, the line had been straightened out and we were striking for the passes. It was hard fighting through the forests, up and down ridges. German troops were interspersed in the line in small units, and more than once there were awkward situations on our flanks.



After one Russian trench mortar attack, I found a great gap on my left flank where our allies had faded away. Just in time I established liaison with another German company holding a key knoll.

Winter, and again we had to contend

an ammunition depot twelve miles in the enemy's rear, guided by a Russian deserter. Silent as ghosts, as invisible in our white garments against the snow in the sheen of the moonlight, we swooped down on them. A Russian officer and his detachment, completely surprised and utterly flabbergasted, were lined up

territory dwelt the Ruthenians, a tall, husky people but fallen victim to the moral decay which is the lot of those long overrun by fighting armies. Venereal disease began causing us heavy casualties. Now occurred another startling example of German thoroughness and efficiency. Our medical corps examined every

woman in the sector from grandmothers to granddaughters. The report showed this appalling finding: Ninety percent were infected. Even after publication of that figure, it took the strictest orders and sudden raids by ski details on

the cabins to get the situation under control.

My Division was moved 150 miles to the southwest to take over a sector on the Rumanian front. I found that the Rumanians were good fighters, in spite of opinions to the contrary. The worst feature of this sector was the rocky terrain. Bursting shells spread rock splinters which caused bad wounds. Under the protracted strain of the front, I was getting considerably fed up. At last by good fortune my eyeglasses got broken and I had to be granted leave to replace them.

Off to Budapest I hastened. American veterans have told me that wartime Paris was something to visit after a long tour of duty in the line. Ah, but you should have seen wartime Budapest! Life, gayety—fast, furious and feverish, it's true, but that's what we craved. Tradition has it that a very human ex-monk, our good Martin Luther, once proclaimed:

*Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.*

How's your German? Anyway, you get the wine, women and song idea. Fortunately among the grim, black memories of the war stand forth occasional rosy ones, and among mine are those large evenings in Budapest, set to the incomparable music of the Gypsy orchestras. I rejoined my outfit plus a new pair of glasses and minus twenty pounds in weight.

Then in the greatest secrecy five German shock Divisions, including mine, were sent to what is now Yugoslavia and outfitted for a mountain campaign with



with zero temperatures and deep snow-drifts. But this time there was a compensation. Austrian experts trained us in the use of skis, and soon picked details were able to go skimming over the frozen surface. Ah, there was dash and thrill for you! One moonlit night I mustered twenty ski men from my company. We put on white robes and white caps, strapped on the long wooden runners, slung rifles and glided off through the lines. Sliding and climbing we made for

under the muzzles of our rifles. We cut the telephone lines—pumped the prisoners for information on the disposition of their forces—cleaned out their commissary of all the

caviar, chocolate, and tea we could carry—tied up the prisoners and put them in a truck at a safe distance from the dump, neatly packed in straw to keep from freezing to death. Then we laid a time fuse to the dump, lit it. When the explosion roared, we were well on our way, coasting back to our lines.

Where the fire of the enemy failed to thin our ranks, a grim ally stepped in to cause havoc—Disease, until this war the mightiest of the Four Horsemen. In this

pack artillery, sun glasses, and so on. Once more German thoroughness in preparation. Again and again we practiced storming heights, accustoming ourselves to altitude. When well acclimated, we were shifted quietly to the Isonzo front where the Austrians and Italians in repeated attacks had bled each other white. We German officers, donning Austrian uniforms to avoid betrayal of our presence, were sent to the front to positions we would occupy. Returning to our own troops, we filtered them into the line by three night marches. On October 24th we launched the sudden surprise attack which caused the Italian rout ending only at the Piave. Preceded by an intense H.E. and gas barrage, we thrust on against a shattered foe. I saw an entire battalion of Italians dead from the vapors of blue-mark gas shells from which their masks of that time did not protect them. From an Italian general, one of the 83,000 prisoners my Division captured, I took a German Lüger pistol, part of the equipment furnished by Germany to a former ally. Onward we pushed at a tremendous pace. We hiked two hours, rested fifteen minutes, hiked one hour, rested ten minutes, and every four hours got a half-hour rest. Sheer exhaustion reduced our man power by eighty percent.

To recuperate we were sent back in the hills and I found myself commandant of a small village. A rest area, they called it, but you know how often such areas were miscalled. A staff officer of the cavalry decided we infantry officers ought to learn to ride. After repeated falls off bareback, bouncing nags, we all reported sick.

This was a famous wine country and the harvest had just been gathered and vintage pressed. There is a song I have heard American friends sing which runs:

*Oh, Madame, have you any fine wine
That's fit for soldiers of the line?
Hinky-dinky, parlez-vous.*

The answer in this case was certainly "Yes. Plenty." Our allowance was one litre (40 ounces) a day for each enlisted man and five litres for every officer. It was light wine and you could handle it if you let it go at that. Some of our men would not. They slipped into the store sheds where stood huge vats. To get at them, one had to climb to the top of the vats across which were laid planks. Stupefying fumes rose up around the tipsy invader. In a field by that village there are eleven graves of German and Austrian soldiers who were drowned in wine vats. Yes, there was trouble and the worst was one evening when I was passing a house and heard a woman's screams. I found her in the grasp of one of my men. He would not obey my orders. Crazy drunk, he turned and rushed me, murder in his eye. I had to shoot.

In February, 1918, we were in Alsace-Lorraine, being trained in the latest type of warfare. My company's six light machine guns were augmented by four

heavy, two pieces of light field artillery, flame-throwers, quantities of hand grenades. Again we fought in the Belgian marshes and the French woods, raided and raiding. Bombardment—bloody sacrifices to win a hundred yards or so of trench—clusters of grenades flung down the dugout mouths—reverse the enemy's machine guns—meet the counter-attack. Such still-vivid memories gave me nightmares after seeing the English play, "Journey's End," and reading the German book, "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It was in the late spring or early summer of 1918 that for the first and last time I faced American troops. Details of time, place, and regiment have grown faint, but perhaps one of my readers can identify the occasion from the story I shall now tell. It was not the Americans' fault that the result of this encounter was unfavorable to them.

In that sector the

And so up and over. The men did not know it was to be for the last time

German listening-in signal corpsmen were right on the job. They intercepted a telephone conversation between two Frenchmen who couldn't be bothered with code. They were making a date to meet at an estaminet. "Sorry I'll be late," croaked one Frog carelessly. "Can't get back until the Americans have relieved us tonight." And he actually gave the time of the relief, though it sounds incredible!

A grinning signaller brought me the news of that set-up. At once I arranged a raid, not only because it was good tactics but because I was keen to capture some Indians.

I wonder if you realize how strongly the American Indian has for years gripped the imagination of the average European who has read tales of him. I

know now there were some Indians, first-class fighting men, in your ranks, but many a German expected whole Divisions of red men.

Well, that night I'd see. I mustered three raiding parties and asked the artillery for a box barrage. They laid it down neatly on the dot, rolled it across the front line and held it between the first and second, segregating a section of



trench. We walked over, caught the enemy milling in confusion in the midst of the relief, gathered in forty Frenchmen and eighteen Americans and brought them back to our lines.

Intensely curious, I had the Americans taken to my dugout. I turned my flashlight on them. Not a redskin in the lot. They were just as white as I. You could have knocked me over with a feather.

But in the lot were four Wisconsin soldiers, American-born sons of German-American parents. Of course I spoke English, but they spoke better low German than I did. I kept them for a chat, giving them hot coffee, while they presented me with good American cigarettes. I remember that I, who was destined to become an American, felt hurt that these lads with German blood in

waukee, he and his mother gave me a warm welcome.

The distant bugles of the God of Battles were sounding taps for Germany now. Many of us heard them in our hearts and knew the end was not far off. Depressed, we did our duty like automatons. Morale, food, and man power were running low by then. Replacements in my company were boys and old men. The

Following the forthcoming attack, read the order, the remnants of the regiment would proceed to a certain rear depot and there, replacements being no longer available, would cease to exist as a unit of the Imperial German Army.

It was time, I suppose. Through my company alone, its normal strength being from 200 to 250, about 3,000 men had passed, as the ranks emptied, were filled



their veins should fight against the Vaterland, and they, while still dazed from the barrage and sudden raid, were naturally resentful at being captured on just coming into the line. Yet it was a pleasant talk we had, and I saw to it that they had good treatment. They were good fellows and I think they liked me, for when I looked up one of them named Ahrens years later at his home in Mil-

waukee, he and his mother gave me a warm welcome.

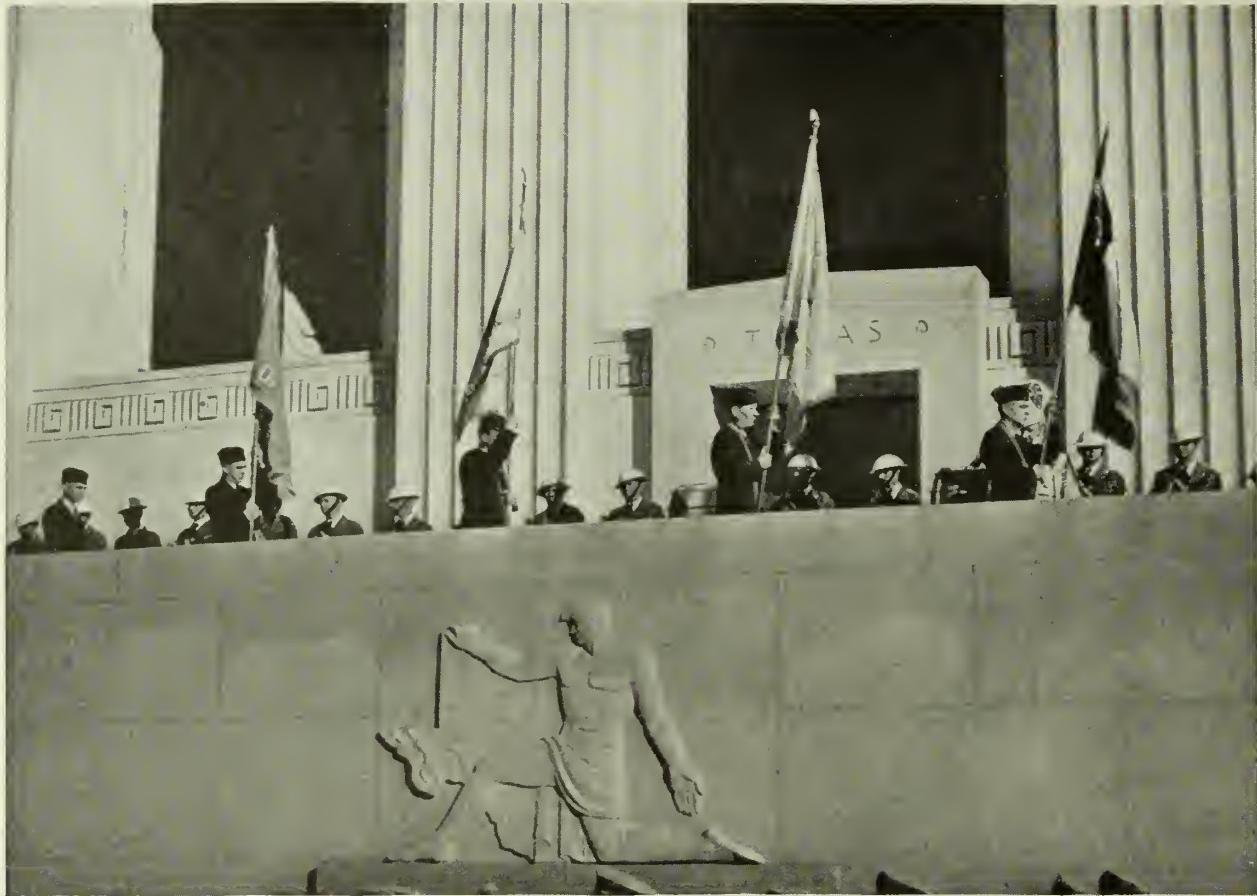
Orders came for a final attack. "And so into the breach once more." Before we went over, the adjutant of our regiment, his face working with emotion, walked up to me.

"It is the end," he said. "Here is our last order. I'll show it to you. I know you can take it."

and emptied again. Thirty of its officers had been killed or wounded. It had had four captains. I, the last, was in point of service the oldest surviving officer in the regiment.

I handed back the order, stuck my monocle into one eye and led my 125 remaining men over the top.

For hours the tide of battle ebbed and flowed with bar- (Continued on page 39)



The HOUSE the

ABRIEF ceremony on a Sunday afternoon last December, in Austin, Texas, brought to culmination the major community service activity of the Department of Texas though it is by no means accurate to describe the achievement which was the result of an intensive effort extending over more than five years as a community service project when thought of in the restricted sense of serving a limited area. The scope of the creation not only envelopes the whole State of Texas but those of all countries who would know of Texas, now living or yet to be born. That brief ceremony marked the triumph of an epic battle for a peace time accomplishment.

It was on that afternoon that the cornerstone of the Texas Memorial Museum, sponsored by The American Legion, was dedicated, belatedly dedicated to the service of all the people of Texas and of the country, by the sponsors, who were represented by Department Commander J. W. Danforth; it was accepted for the State by Legionnaire Governor James V. Allred and for the University of Texas by President A. J. Calhoun. Legionnaires, who had been actively engaged in the educational campaigns, coin sales and



other activities incident to the origin and completion of the Legion's plan to erect the Memorial Museum, came in from all parts of the Lone Star State to participate in and to witness that brief ceremony.

Years and years ago separate groups began thinking of and planning for a great museum, or at least a historical building; indeed the idea can be traced back to the first years of the University of Texas. Each plan submitted was blocked before much progress had been made, most of the plans foundering on the rocks of ways and means, consequently these sporadic efforts came to little more than thinking and planning, and in the end discarded as dreams impossible of translation into reality. Then, in the fall of 1932, Legionnaire Garland

Adair, of Austin, had an idea. And as he mulled it over he convinced himself that the idea would click.

Legionnaire Adair dreamed of a museum and historical building worthy of his great State, as had so many others, but the one envisioned by Adair encompassed two objects—a museum and a perpetual memorial to the Texans who perished in the great world conflict of 1917 and 1918. And he believed he had hit upon a plan to provide funds.

Texas would celebrate its centennial in 1936. Why not issue a Texas Centennial half dollar to be sold at a premium, say one dollar for each half dollar piece. Other great public projects had found this coin idea a profitable venture. There

Y'don't hafta be a "S.O.A.L." }
to get on the Team, but you }
gotta be a base- }
ball player!" }
Oh, Gee!!



TEXAS MEMORIAL MUSEUM
SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN LEGION OF TEXAS

FIRST UNIT
ERECTED BY THE RECENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
DIRECTORS OF THE MUSEUM
WITH
APPROPRIATIONS MADE BY
THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES
AND
THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS
AND FUNDS RAISED BY
THE AMERICAN LEGION OF TEXAS CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE-INC.

1936

JOHN F-STAB-BRICKLASS
PAUL P-CRET-CONSULTING ARCHITECT
PHELPS AND DEWEES
ARCHITECTURAL ADVISERS FOR THE LEGION

J-E-MORGAN AND SONS
GENERAL CONTRACTORS

Cornerstone of the Texas Memorial Museum, dedicated by the Texas Legion. At left, the Legion colors being advanced along the front of the building at the dedicatory ceremony

were thousands and thousands of Texans who would buy such a souvenir coin and then there were thousands and thousands of philatelists the world around who would be glad to place the Texas coin in their collections. A half million half dollars would net the museum fund a quarter of a million dollars.

Adair took his idea to the Legion Department Headquarters. The plan was outlined to Department Adjutant Robert O. Whiteaker. All went well until the

promoter mentioned a half million pieces and the sum of a quarter of a million to be set as the goal. Adjutant Whiteaker immediately raised it to a million and agreed to carry the plan to Department Commander Carl Nesbitt. The record is silent as to the Department Commander's immediate reaction as to the number; perhaps he jumped the number to a million and a half. At any rate, by the time the proposal got to Washington, which was within a few months after first being broached, the number of Centennial half dollars had been raised to a million and a half. Legionnaire Adair had put his idea across. It was the natural thing to ask him to head the Legion committee and start the wheels rolling.

Plans for The American Legion Memorial Museum developed rapidly early in 1933, and by the first of May the committee in charge was ready to move on Washington with their request for authorization of the minting of 1,500,000 Texas Centennial half dollars. Congressional approval of the plan was asked in a bill introduced on May 27th, in the Senate by Senator Tom Connally and in the House by Congressman Wright Patman, and so expeditiously was the measure routed through both Houses

that it became law when, on June 15th, the bill was signed by President Roosevelt. By this time the members of the Legion committee had become so thoroughly museum-minded that the pen used by the President in affixing his signature was "collected" to be placed in the Memorial as exhibit number one.

Then, with the prospect of handling big money facing the committee—a potential three quarters of a million dollars and a bigger job than had ever been tackled by the Texas Legion organization — The American Legion Texas Centennial Committee was incorporated under the laws of the State. Garland Adair was selected as Chairman of the Board of Directors; the other members were: R. O. Whiteaker, Austin; Carl Nesbitt, Mineola; Henry G. Stein, Luling; Matthew L. Love, Beaumont; Drury M. Phillips, Huntsville, and Claude V. Birkhead, San Antonio. The purpose of the Legion Centennial Committee was succinctly set forth in their charter of incorporation: "To promote and accomplish, through publicity and raising of funds, the con-



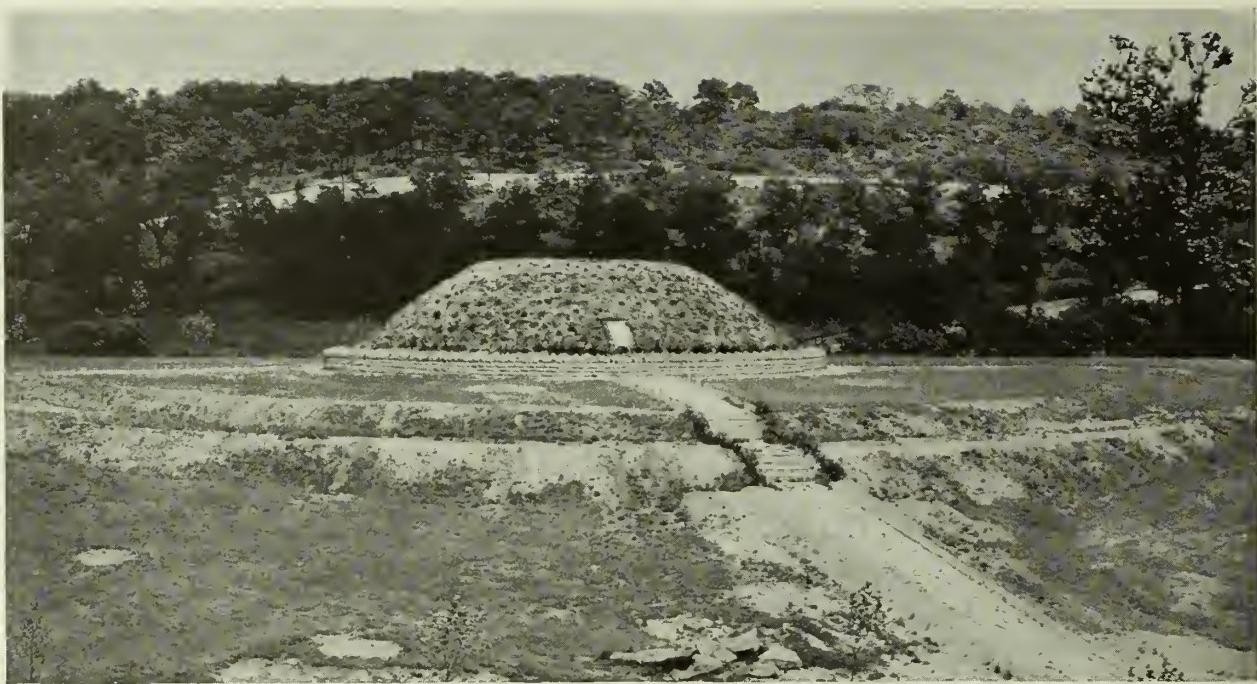
LEGION Built



Grogan Howell, Commander of Travis Post of Austin, held the mortar board and handed the first trowel of mortar to Theo. Bellmont, Adjutant of Capitol City Post, who sealed the box of records into the cornerstone

struction of an American Legion Memorial Museum in memory of the sons and daughters of Texas who gave their lives during the period of the World War; to acquire through gift, purchase and otherwise, relics, records and all articles suitable therefor, pertaining to the history, resources, industries and commerce of the State of Texas."

The location of the proposed Memorial Museum was the campus of the University of Texas in Austin, the capital city. As time went on plans for the scope of the institution were enlarged, each revision upwards calling for more and more money. H. Miller Ainsworth, of Luling, who later served as Department Commander, was placed in charge of the coin sales and was meeting with a fair degree of success. Then the State appropriated a good, round sum for the celebration of the centennial; proponents of the museum idea approached Governor Allred with a suggestion that some of the centennial funds be ear-marked for use in the construction of the museum. The proposition met a favorable response and the sum of \$225,000 was thus set apart for memorial uses. Further financial aid seemed desirable, so the Legion Centennial Committee again turned their steps



A memorial to all the soldiers of all wars conceived and erected by Burt Foster Post in Renziehausen Park at McKeesport, Pennsylvania. The design harks back to the Mound Builders, first occupants of the Ohio Valley, whose earthen mounds are the only visible evidence that such a race once existed

toward Washington. With the aid of the Texas Congressional delegation the sum of \$300,000 was set apart in the Congressional appropriation for the Texas Centennial, with no limit as to immediate use. Commander Ainsworth's coin sale committee supplemented the fund until approximately \$600,000 was available for the purpose of erecting and establishing the Memorial Museum. Other funds will come from other sources, in fact the authorized mintage of Centennial half dollars has not been exhausted — 15,000 are scheduled for mintage in 1938—all of which will be used to complete other units of the museum group. As it stands today the Texas Memorial Museum is the pride of every Legionnaire of the Lone Star State.

Since financial aid had been received from the Federal Government and from the State of Texas, it became apparent soon after the movement was inaugurated that The American Legion Texas Centennial Committee could not with propriety build and maintain a great museum on the property of the University of Texas. The design was to serve all the people. It was then, by formal contract, assigned to the Board of Regents of the University of Texas who, under the agreement, became ex-officio the Board of Directors of an institution which was given the legal title "Texas Memorial Museum, Sponsored by The American Legion of Texas." The transfer included future



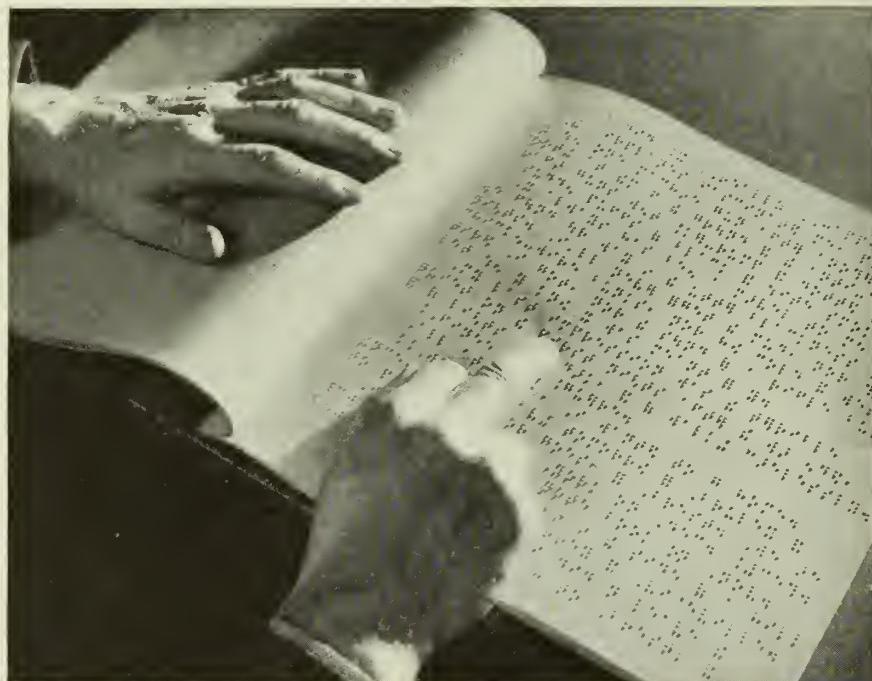
sales of the Centennial half dollar which, under the enabling act, are "issued upon the request of The American Legion Texas Centennial Committee."

The Texas Memorial Museum thus became a State institution, guaranteeing its perpetuity—an institution that will be the lengthening shadow of a people who are proud of their history and who feel a responsibility to their posterity. It stands today as a memorial to the World War

dead of Texas and as an enduring monument to an unselfish effort through long years by the Department of Texas and Texas Legionnaires.

Some Other Memorials

DURING the World War and for many years after the demobilization of the emergency forces, there were but very few towns and cities that did



The hands show how sightless veterans read the books and magazines prepared by the transcribers of Santa Barbara (California) Post. Dots and dashes, forming characters in raised figures, are read by sensitive touch of finger tips

not have an honor roll of service men conspicuously displayed in a public place. These memorial rolls were usually of a very temporary character, alphabetical lists of names painted on a signboard or against the side of a building. As time passed, and perhaps the keen edge of memory dulled, these memorial rolls, now becoming more or less unsightly, were either removed and forgotten or shifted into the background. In other places these improvised rolls were replaced with memorials of a permanent nature; memorials in bronze and marble designed to endure forever.

In many communities it was the Legion Post that furnished the impetus to carry a memorial plan to completion. Hundreds of these were erected by the Posts themselves, dotted here and there over the country. Just recently Leon Zear Post at Victoria, Texas, dedicated a monument erected on the court house grounds at Victoria bearing the names of the thirty-nine men of the county who gave their lives in the war of twenty years ago. Another form of memorial is that conceived by Woodlawn Post at Chicago,



Small bore rifle team of the Canadian Girls' First Aid and Life Saving Corps, winner of the junior rifle trophy offered by Montreal Post, and who represented that Post as their entry in the National Junior Rifle Match, shooting for the A. A. Mitten Trophy. The Canadian girls finished sixth in the national shoot



Legionnaire George L. Fisher, of St. Louis, who posed for Reni-Mel's great painting, "America"

Illinois, in the fine memorial flagpole erected on the grounds of the Martha Washington Home for Dependent Children.

A beautiful memorial sponsored by Harold W. Merrill Post was recently dedicated at Westerly, Rhode Island, in memory of all the citizens of that city who served in the armed forces of the United States in 1917 and 1918. This memorial was erected by the town of Westerly and an elaborate program in which the entire community took part was staged at the unveiling. A memorial that has a more personal significance to the sponsors is that erected by John A. Boechat Post at Buffalo, New York, to the memory of the soldier for whom the Post was named.

Past Commander Charles L. Baetzhold writes that the membership of the Post were men who had attended or who were graduates of Lafayette High School, schoolmates of Boechat, and have since 1920, sponsored a patriotic service at the school on the Friday before Memorial Day and Armistice Day. The monument was erected in a public park near Lafayette High School and is dedicated to John A. Boechat, 108th Infantry, as representative of the men of the school who served in the World War.

Unique among World War memorials and appropriate to its section is the great mound erected by Burt Foster Post in Renziehausen Park at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, which within itself combines a memorial to all the soldiers of the McKeesport area of all wars in which the American Republic has engaged, and a fine bit of city park beautifying. The memorial takes the form of a huge mound of earth similar in every way to the monuments erected by the Mound Builders who occupied the Ohio Valley before the dawn of history, then passed on to almost utter oblivion, leaving no record of their work or their culture other than a series



of great earthen mounds and figures. McKeesport was somewhat slow in honoring its World War dead, or at least so it seemed to the members of Burt Foster Post. They became somewhat tired looking at the cheaply constructed honor roll set in its wooden frame down near the railroad station. On Armistice Day the parade halted before the wooden case, the roll was decorated and a salute rendered; each year the memorial was a bit more shabby than the year before. Then Burt Foster Post decided to do something about it.

Post Chaplain Ralph Whitehead, who had given some attention to the earliest inhabitants of the Ohio Valley, proposed that the Post take over a part of a public park recently acquired by the city and erect thereon a great mound, a replica of those of the Mound Builders which were thickly dotted over the upper Ohio Valley. The idea took; it could be done without the expenditure of a great amount of money. The City Council was approached and talked into giving the Legion a hill in a lopsided section of the park. Then the Auxiliary put on a tag day to provide funds to start the movement, and the memorial project was well on its way. What Chaplain (Continued on page 61)

Big league players in service helped to carry the 342d Field Artillery baseball team to the championship in 1918. Left to right, Clarence Mitchell, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Wynn Noyes and Otis Lambeth



A CORNER in Horsehide

NO, READERS, this is not a story of picket lines or remount depots, of charging cavalry, of rumbling artillery or of trains, non-motorized, Army-style. Spring is here and the cry "Play ball!" will soon resound throughout the land in big leagues, minor leagues and sand-lot games—not to forget the Legion's Junior Baseball program in which some half-million kids will again participate. So we'll forget the horse and consider only the hide from which those all-important pellets of the game are made.

Even the war couldn't stop baseball, although the leagues during that period lost many of their stars who joined up with the fighting men. Their talents weren't entirely wasted, however, nor did they lack practice, because almost every outfit had its ball team, or, should we say, ball teams? Competition was keen between companies and regiments and other units, so we're not surprised at the tale of one baseball scout that we're going to

let you share with us. With the picture of some big-shot players, shown above, came this story from Legionnaire Malcolm P. Andruss, colonel, retired, who lives up in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains and whose address is Rural Route A, Pine Lake, Issaquah, Washington:

"I have just finished reading the Legion Magazine. The Then and Now columns take one back over the almost unbelievable span of years. In putting the magazine back on the shelf, I came across the enclosed picture and it occurred to me that it might prove of interest to your readers.

"In the spring of 1918, while I was on duty with the 342d Field Artillery, 89th Division, at Camp Funston, Kansas, I gathered together quite an aggregation of ball players, most of whom were big leaguers. Being an old hand in organizing

baseball teams in the Army in pre-war days, I figured that a golden opportunity presented itself at this time to gather for my regiment a real bunch of ball players and that by so doing I could greatly increase the morale of my outfit.

"The entire personnel of the Division was canvassed and as no one was thinking in terms of baseball during the cold winter months I had no trouble in transfer-





ring all the real talent to the heavy artillery outfit. Upon the arrival of spring there was great baseball activity in camp, just as I expected, but the other outfits were S. O. L.—the 'gang' was all under my wing!

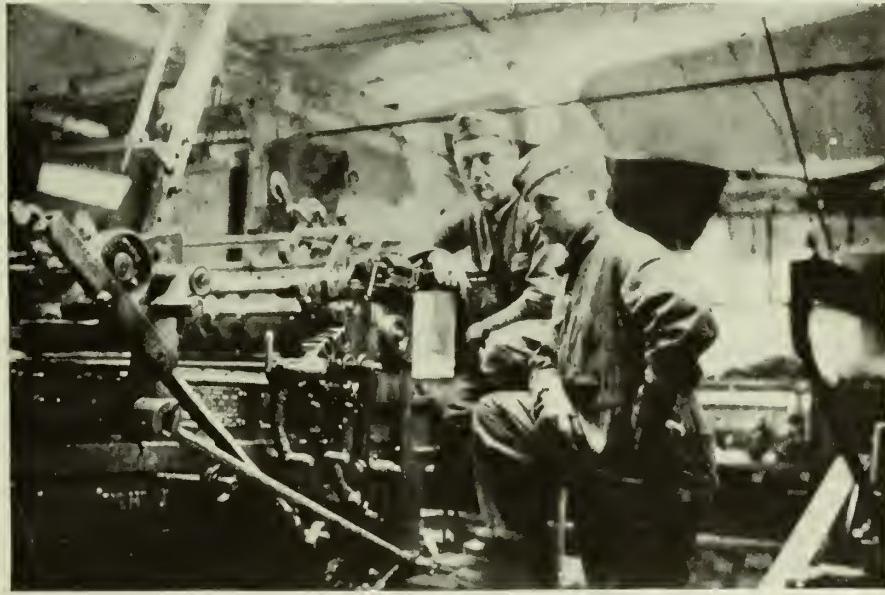
"The first game scheduled for the Division was with the St. Louis Cardinals—the grand opening of the season to be held at nearby 'Army City.' The Division squad, consisting of about a hundred players, answered the call to arms and reported to the athletic officer an hour prior to the game. I recall that our new 342d uniforms arrived the morning of the game and when we made our appearance in them there was much favorable comment, as the rest of the candidates appeared in anything they could rake or scrape up in the nature of an athletic garb.

"Not knowing which way to turn, the athletic officer sent for me and said, as I recall, 'Major, those men of yours certainly look nifty—can they play ball as well as they look?' This was just the opening I had been sparring for and I told him that if there were any ball players in

hit—anything—to get on base and make some sort of a showing, particularly as General Leonard Wood and his staff, recently returned from France, had just entered the stadium. I'll admit that we were a trifle stage struck at first but after an inning or two we were able to knuckle down to business and get into our stride even though it was our first game together. After a great battle lasting for ten innings, we brought home the bacon. Had we captured the Kaiser that day, we couldn't have had a greater thrill. The following day the White Sox were in camp and the 'green and pink sweatered' lads were given a chance. The result was an utter rout.

"The next day the division athletic officer called up and directed me to have my men sent up to headquarters to be measured for the Division's baseball uniforms—that we had been elected to that office. So my ball players instead of having one uniform sported three—battery, regimental and divisional. My team never lost a game on this side or in France. The defeat of the Navy in Bordeaux made us the unofficial champions of the A. E. F. Incidentally, the 89th Division won the A. E. F. football championship, also.

"Starting in January, 1918, by May I had lined up this team: Pitchers: Grover Cleveland Alexander—'Alexander the Great'—from the Chicago Cubs; Sergeant



Ever hear of soldier pressmen? The above pressroom of Headquarters Printing Company, Tours, France, turned out general orders, transportation instructions, hospital forms and other A. E. F. printed matter

camp I had them. He said, 'Very well, then—go in and play St. Louis.' That was one of the toughest assignments in my thirty years on the baseball diamond and it made me sort of weak in the mid-section.

"My gang went into a huddle and were instructed to grit their teeth—hit or get

Major Winn Noyes from the Philadelphia Athletics; Otis Lambeth from the Cleveland Indians; Lefty Novak from the St. Louis 'Muny' League, and 1st Lieutenant Poge Lewis of the University of Missouri, who could also catch; 1st Lieutenant Lloyd Wait, formerly of the Pittsburgh



Pirates, was our catcher; first base, Clarence Mitchell of the Brooklyn Dodgers; second base, 1st Lieutenant Ad Lindsey of the University of Kansas; short stop, Chuck Ward of the Brooklyn Dodgers; third base, Sergeant Browne at the Kansas City Red Sox; right field, Second Lieutenant Potsy Clark, former coach at the University of Illinois; center field, Chief Mechanic Frank B. Wetzel of the Kansas City Red Sox; left field, Charles Balligall of the Texas League and Eddie Croak of the St. Louis 'Muny' League.

"The four stars lined up in the picture I am enclosing are, from left to right, Clarence Mitchell, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Wynn Noyes and Otis Lambeth.

"Although I was transferred from the 342d Field Artillery just before its departure for the A. E. F., I followed overseas with the 92d Division as commanding officer of the Ammunition Train. It was later I learned of the game in Bordeaux with the Navy team that claimed the championship. The Navy was unaware that the 342d had so many big leaguers on its team and attended the game prepared to 'shoot the works,' but a few of the old Navy heads spotted some of the big timers and all the gob gamblers crawled for their holes."

HAVE we ever been guilty of saying that the last of the heretofore unheard-of units of the A. E. F. had done a front and center for the Then and Now Gang? If we have, we retract, because after all these years since the war, a most important outfit is making itself known.

Printers in the Army? Why not? As we all know, we had publishers and newspaper men who were soldiers—the staff of *The Stars and Stripes*. But that outfit didn't do its own printing—that was left for a civilian-owned English press in Paris. Now we hear about the Army's own printers in O. D. and get a look at their pressroom in the accompanying picture. It came from Henry A. Anderson, ex-sergeant of Headquarters Printing Company, Headquarters, Services of Supply, at Tours, France. Legionnaire Anderson, who lives at 6354 Huntington Street, Chicago, Illinois, is with the firm of A. Anderson & Sons, Printing Press Machinists, in that city—so he must know his groceries. His story:

"Just to refresh the minds of former

buddies and perhaps to interest all fellow Legionnaires, I am sending a picture of the pressroom in which I worked during the war. I was with Headquarters Printing Plant that was located at 17 Rue de Haliabadier, Tours, France, and in operation there for a period of seventeen months during 1918 and 1919.

"This plant was a typical French printing shop of obsolete equipment such as presses, linotype, bindery machinery, and so forth, which had seen better days. Our means of power was a six-horse-power, one-cylinder gasoline engine of French make, that was taxed to the limit and beyond. Many a time it would cough, snort and had to be coaxed along, but we made the best of it until we added some new equipment. We finally acquired a De Dion Bouton portable field set of four cylinders with an output of approximately 25 KW that handled our power situation fairly well.

"If my memory is right, the equipment consisted of four cylinder presses, three Gordon presses, one universal press, one paper cutter, stitchers, and bindery

ally after the water had circulated through the water jackets it was quite warm when it emptied into the drain. It seemed a shame to waste this warm water, so I got busy and, like a typical American junker, went out to St. Pierre, a big salvage depot near Tours, and picked up pipe elbows, nipples of all sizes, and wire which we used as a substitute for pipe straps.

Soon the pipe was installed from the engine to the place selected—our storage room for gasoline—and we had an ideal shower room. The shower spray was a piece of work we prized highly—a round tin soapbox, perforated with nail holes, to which we soldered a nipple. We certainly appreciated this Waldorf-Astoria luxury in the A. E. F.

"The Headquarters Printing Company closed its doors on June 17, 1919, and so far as I know its veterans have never held a reunion. I'd like to hear from all of them—perhaps we could arrange to get together and reminisce about the long sessions we used to have in the little gin mill across the street where many a



"A day or two ago I received from St. Quentin, France, a letter of which I enclose a copy. A word or two of explanation is necessary before you read it.

"During the Second A. E. F. on our battlefield trip to the Somme, we went first to St. Quentin and among other places visited the cathedral. As we were about to leave, the guide announced that he had been requested to ask if a Legionnaire and a member of the Auxiliary would care to act as sponsors at a baptism, to take place immediately, of an orphan boy whose parents, the father a French veteran, had died a short time before. The child was being cared for by his grandmother.

"The request was granted and as the group was leaving after the service, I snapped the immediate party—the grandmother, the American sponsors with the child, the officiating priest and the guide, in front of the cathedral.

"I had the address of Comrade Crowley, one of the sponsors, and upon my return home I sent

him a copy of the picture, which I think he acknowledged. I cannot recall if a copy was sent to Miss Benenato, the other godparent. I also left a request with someone in St. Quentin to forward to me the name and address of the grandmother. This I failed to receive, so some months later I sent a print of the picture to the Mayor of St. Quentin, requesting that he forward it to the grandmother for the youngster. Again I received no reply

until this recently delivered letter.

"Perhaps through your department of the Legion Magazine, we may locate these two Americans so they can communicate with their godson. Of course the question naturally arises as to why the grandmother (*Continued on page 62*)



Where are the Legionnaire and Auxiliare who served as godparents for a French orphan in the christening party shown? It happened in St. Quentin, France, during the second A. E. F. in 1927

machinery. Our personnel consisted of Captain A. J. Johnson, First Lieutenant C. Anderson and one hundred and ten enlisted men. We worked two shifts—a day shift with a 44-hour week (5½ days) and a night shift that worked a 40-hour week of five nights. Many of these men had seen service in the front lines and had been wounded.

"Our printing jobs included general orders, troop movement and transportation instructions, hospital forms, railroad forms, and so on. When pay day came along, we lined up in alphabetical order, regardless of rank, and received our pay in regular pay envelopes such as are used here at home.

"I wonder if my old gang remembers our shower bath de luxe. We used city water to cool our power plant and natur-

happy time was spent during working hours. Other outfits hold reunions, why not ours?"

HERE we have a flashback to the Second A. E. F. So there will be no confusion, we repeat—the Second A. E. F., of 1927—not the one that followed the Legion National Convention in New York City last September. The story came to this department several months ago, with the snapshot reproduced on this page, in a letter from Nelson D. Morrow of Yerkes-Couchman Post, who is connected with the Genesee Valley Trust Company in Rochester, New York. We hope the godparents Comrade Morrow mentions will see this account and add some facts to it:



SOLDIERS COULD SLEEP

Any Time, Anywhere, Anyhow—and How!

By Wallgren

YOU DIDN'T SUFFER FROM INSOMNIA TWENTY YEARS AGO.

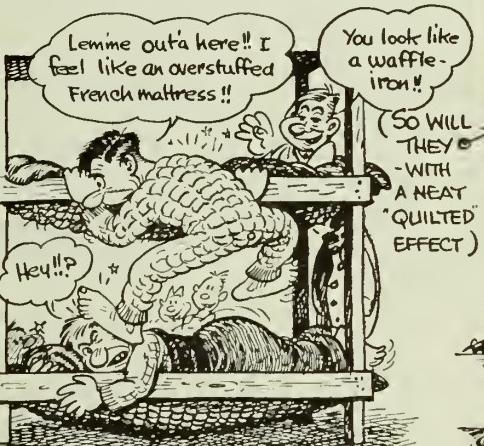
YOU DIDN'T SPEND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS "ON ACCOUNT OF SUMPIN' YOU ETT" IN THEM DAYS. IT WAS THE "BUNKS!!" AND, WHAT A VARIETY OF THEM YOU FOUND, AND SLEPT IN!! REMEMBER?



HOW GOOD THE OLD BARRACKS COT FELT AFTER A HARD DAY AT DRILL, ETC....



THOSE FOLDING CAMP COTS - THAT STRETCHED OUT TIGHT AS A DRUM-HEAD - AND WERE JUST ABOUT AS COMFORTABLE TO SLEEP ON...



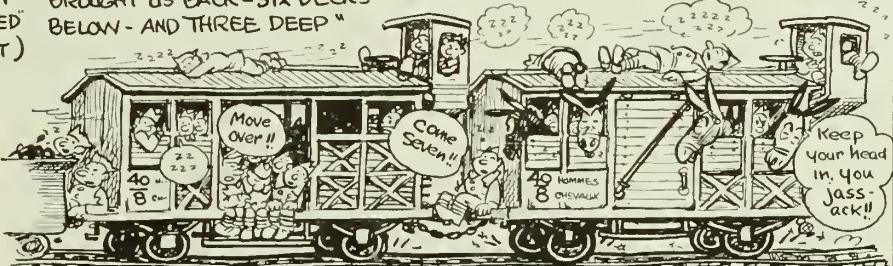
HOW OFTEN YOU FLOPPED ON THE HARD FLAT DECK - OR FLOOR - OR GROUND - AND WOKE UP WITH KINKS, (ETC.) ALL OVER

(SO WILL THEY - WITH A NEAT "QUILTED EFFECT")

"THEY TOOK US OVER - AND BROUGHT US BACK - SIX DECKS BELOW - AND THREE DEEP"



OR, IN A DUGOUT - WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS - COUNTING THE COOTIES, AND ALL.



CHICKEN-WIRE SPRINGS - (BUT, NOT MUCH) IN THOSE DOUBLE-DECKER CAMP BUNKS.

"SLEEPING" ON, OR IN, "40-8" BOX-CARS - SURROUNDED BY 34 'GAMBOLIERS,' OR 8 CHEVAUX (MULES, OR HORSES) WAS A FEAT TO ACCOMPLISH, IN ITSELF..

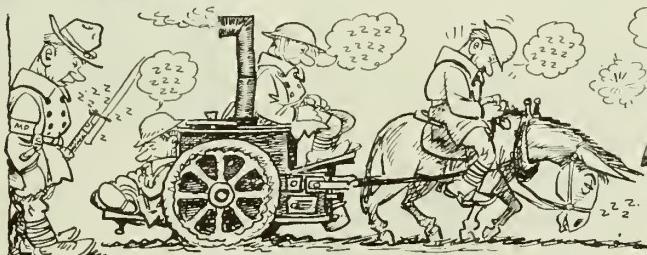


FRENCH BARNs, STABLEs, AND PIG-STYS, MADE VERY COMFY SLEEPING QUARTERS.

FOX-HOLES, DUG A FEW INCHES DEEP, AND SHELL HOLES - WET, OR DRY - ACCOMMODATED MANY, IN EMERGENCIES



OH, YES!!
MOST ALL
SOLDIERS
COULD
SLEEP
ALL RIGHT
-(IF YOU
LET 'EM)



...STANDING UP.... SITTING DOWN.... RIDING... OR, ON THE MARCH... EXCEPT - DURING PRESCRIBED HOURS.

Bursts and Duds



Conducted by Dan Sowers

The entire contents of this page in this issue have been contributed by Legionnaire patients at United States Veterans Hospital No. 81, Bronx, New York.



THE small boy looked as if he had come out second best in a little matter of fisticuffs.

"Sorry to see you've got a black eye, son," remarked a kindly-disposed man who happened by. "Is there anything I can do to help you in this predicament?"

"Don't go wasting your sympathy on me," replied the belligerent. "Go home and be sorry for your own kid—he's got two black eyes."—SAMUEL RUBENSTEIN, *Gordon Webster Post*, South Ozone Park, N. Y.

IT WAS away back in the O. D. days. The company commander had impressed everybody, but especially the non-coms, with his ability to handle any situation that might come up. So the top kicker was all attention when the captain summoned him and said: "There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow morning. Have the company formed on the parade ground and I will explain it. If the sky is cloudy have the men assemble in the mess hall."

That evening the following order appeared on the bulletin board: "Tomorrow morning, by order of the company commander, there will be an eclipse of the sun."

"The company will assemble on the parade ground at 10 o'clock, where the captain will personally supervise the eclipse. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the mess hall."—ARTHUR CUTLER, *Hoosick Falls (N. Y.) Post*.



THE hobo was rather the worse for wear as he stood in the spring sunshine knocking at the kitchen door. To the kind faced woman answering his knock he began somewhat plaintively, "Lady, I was at the front—"

"Oh, you poor man!" she interrupted him. "You're one of war's victims. I'll get you some food and then I want you to tell me the story of your experiences in the trenches."

"I wasn't in the trenches. I was at the front—"

"And what deed of heroism did you do at the front?"

"Why, I knocked, and nobody answered, so I came around here to the back."—BILL HOUSEN, *Williams Bridge Post*, N. Y.

THE five-year-old boy, much to the annoyance of his mother, had been racing about the house. At last it became unbearable.

"Junior!" she broke out, "I've told you time and again to stop running about the house! Now you sit quietly in that chair until I tell you to get up."

Pretty soon the father came home. "What's the matter, son?" he wanted to know. "Anything wrong?"

"Not much, dad. I've just been arrested for speeding—that's all."—WALTER CARBERRY, *Argonne Post*, Elizabeth, N. J.



TWO Legionnaires who had served in the same outfit met at the New York National Convention last September for the first time since the war.

"Whatever became of Cognac Bill?" one of them wanted to know, after the back slapping and all was over.

"Didn't you hear? He dropped dead in front of a saloon out west."

"Was he going in or coming out?"

"Going in."

"Gee! That was a tough break."—CHARLES MIGNARD, *Woodlawn Post*, Bronx, N. Y.

THE small town's most eminent citizen had fractured a rib and his family insisted that a great surgeon be brought from the city to reset it. Local physicians and surgeons, anxious to see the great man do his stuff, crowded about the operating table.

When the patient came out of the ether he found that he was smothered in bandages.

"What's all this?" he demanded of his nurse.

"Well, it was such a beautiful operation and the applause was so great, the surgeon took out your appendix as an encore."—GEORGE A. MCGUINNESS, *Corona (Long Island, N. Y.) Post*.



THE officer of the day, painstakingly anxious that his men should mix a little common sense with their parrot-like recital of the general orders for interior guard, questioned a rookie sentry.

"If you saw an armed force approaching, what would you do?" he began.

"Call out the guard, sir."

"And suppose you saw a battleship coming across the parade ground?"

"I'd run like the wind to the hospital for examination, sir."—ELMER BURDETTI, *Broderick-Fuller-Nekola Post*, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE doughboy was back from France, to find that his girl had been keeping company all during his absence with a stay-at-home. So he demanded an explanation.

"Well, sweetheart," she told him, "it was only kindness on Cyril's part. He just went with me to the post office every day to see if I'd get a letter saying you'd been killed."—VALENTINE AUGUST, *New Bedford (Mass.) Post*.

THE wounded doughboy in a field hospital had just one possession—an odd looking watch that was quite obviously of foreign make.

A medical officer picked it up and after examining it carefully, asked: "Where did you get this?"

"A German officer gave it to me."

"Come on, now! You don't expect me to believe that!"

"Sure thing! He couldn't speak English, but when I doubled up my fists he got it—and I got it."—WILLIAM PAYNE, *Pleasantville (N. J.) Post*.

AT LAST the high private had achieved the ambition of a lifetime and was in Paris. He proceeded to raise the per capita wine consumption of the French republic and toward the end of the day, when he reached the Hotel Crillon, he wasn't too clear about things. Rushing up to a strikingly uniformed personage in front of the hotel, he yelled, "Get me a taxi! Get me a taxi!"

Drawing himself up with dignity, the other answered, "I'd have you understand, soldier, I'm a naval officer."

"O. K.," came the answer. "Get me a boat, then, and be damn quick about it, 'cause I'm AWOL right now."—WILBUR COLEMAN, *Jersey City (N. J.) Post*.



THE prisoner was pleading for leniency, and making a pretty eloquent job of it. Finally, "So you can see, your honor, I'm really down and out."

"Well," said the judge, who knew all about that old Salvation Army slogan, "you may be down, but you're not out—not for six months, anyway."—CLARENCE R. HAYWARD, *71st Infantry Post*, New York City.

Stormtrooper

(Continued from page 29)

rages, bullets, bayonets, and finally the deadly crash and *pouff* of gas shells. With a group of my men, I was holding a shell crater, our gas masks gripping our skulls more intolerably every minute. To remove them meant death; once I had worn one forever thirty-six terrible hours.

Directly over our crater a gas shell burst. My mask was my salvation from instant asphyxiation but the shell's showering, searing liquid contents burned into my flesh like red-hot iron. Wild with agony, I leaped up on the rim of the crater. Machine-gun bullets hummed wickedly around me but I never heard them. Then some comrade knocked me over the head and dragged me back under cover.

That's about all. *Fini la guerre*, as the French said. I cannot bring myself to write of the bitter aftermath of defeat or of years of disillusionment when life ceased to seem worth while. It was an old friend of my mother's who at last made me listen to his advice.

"I am old," he said. "You are still young. Go away. Give yourself a chance."

So I took my savings and came to the United States. Months I spent in the wilds of the Rockies. I found and left of my own accord fourteen different types of jobs. Finally I saw my course clear. I took the steps to citizenship I never have regretted.

Again, as in my student days, I am an economist and gain my living by it. Once more I am a philosopher of sorts. And I am an American.

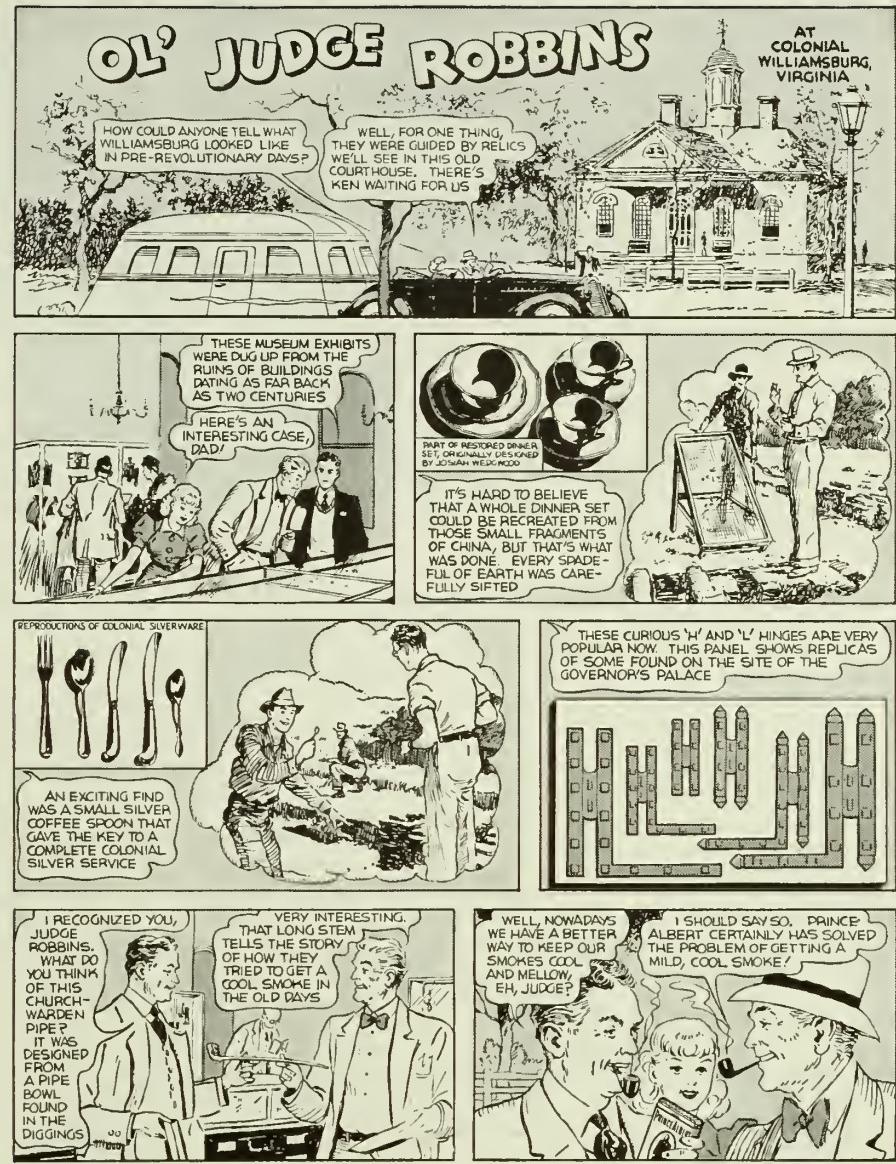
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S.A.L. COVER REPRINTS

"Sons of the Legion," the cover painting by Edwin Earle on the March issue, has aroused such interest among members of the Legion, the Sons of the Legion



and the Legion Auxiliary, that reprints have been made available. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering. Send ten cents in stamps or coin to Cover Print Department, The American Legion Magazine, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

THEY'VE ALL FOUND THE KEY TO MORE SMOKING JOY!

-A MILDER PIPE TOBACCO THAT'S TASTIER TOO!



Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mildest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

FRONT and CENTER

NO MEDAL FOR THIS HERO

To the Editor: Here is a parallel. Two of the comrades in the 344th Battalion, Tank Corps, tipped their tank over into an abandoned cistern. The driver, about to make good his own escape, went to the rescue of his gunner and was himself overwhelmed by the waters after successfully rescuing his struggling buddy. As a result of this act of heroism his relatives were presented with the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Department Commander Harry Edblom of North Dakota wrecked his car and faced almost certain death rather than run down an old man who suddenly appeared on the highway. The car was smashed, the commander was miraculously spared, and with one hand in a sling and some taped-up bruises was able to address a meeting that night!

No medals are given for deeds of this kind, but I ask you, does not his act rank creditably with that of the man who was voted the Congressional Medal of Honor?

—JOHN MAGILL, Verona, N. D.

VETERANS OUT OF LUCK

To the Editor: I certainly hope that you will be kind enough to give this letter the light that it deserves.

The American ex-service men are disappointed and discouraged, when some one of them appears before any American consulate begging for a visa to go back to the U. S. A., the country he served.

How flat and disappointed are we feeling when the one day we are parading all of us as Legionnaires, feeling proud of wearing our Legion buttons, or our Victory buttons, that the officials gave us, and the next day, when deciding to go back to America, we see Uncle Sam standing at the door of entrance and asking us: "Who are you? Where are you going?" Then the poor veteran feels disappointed as with trembling hands he shows his button and then his discharge papers, but is not allowed to enter.—E. POLENAKIS, Athens, Greece.

THE ELUSIVE FRONT

To the Editor: In looking back over the events that occurred in our neighborhood on the afternoon of September 26, 1918, it appears to me, that for several hours at least, and maybe longer, there was a section of the American Front in the Argonne that had no defending line of Americans between the Germans and the back areas.

The 111th Engineers, of which I was a member, were First Army Corps Engineers and were divided into three detachments of two companies each that were

stationed at approximately regular intervals behind the First Corps Front. On September 26th a detachment, consisting of A and E Companies, went to a cross-road called Four de Paris just northwest of Les Islettes, where we started clearing the road north from that point behind the 77th Division advance.

We thought the front was some distance ahead, but when some machine-gun bullets started coming at us we decided something had gone wrong and the enemy had somehow broken through.

The next morning on the 27th of September two runners going to 77th Division Headquarters stopped at our kitchen for breakfast and I heard them tell our cooks that one of their battalions had been cut off the day before. Several days later we saw them bring in what was left of this battalion to the field hospital at Le Harraze just east of Four de Paris. This was the remnant of the famous Lost Battalion.

We next moved west to Vienne-le-Château behind the 92d American Negro Division. This Division had not advanced and was relieved by the French taking over half their front and the 77th taking over the other half. The fact that the 92d had not advanced had probably been one of the main reasons that the Lost Battalion had been lost since it left an opening between the two units. At any rate it all adds up to the fact that for several hours on the 26th and 27th there were "bokoo Germans" behind our lines in the gap between the 92d Division and the Lost Battalion.—TOM L. COLEMAN, Wichita Falls, Tex.

[See article "The Lost Battalion as the Germans Saw It" on page 22 of this issue. There is a discrepancy in dates here, as the story of the Lost Battalion's experiences begins with October 2d.—THE EDITOR.]

AS THE FLAG PASSES BY

To the Editor: On a troop train of the 40th Division on our trip from California through Windsor, Canada, during the World War, I was a guard. My general orders were not to let any trooper off the train, or let any literature or mail change hands and to keep civilians at not less than twelve feet distance. When a lovely girl stepped from the crowd and offered

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

me a good luck charm as a token of friendship I politely refused it! It has often been my regret I didn't accept the offer of friendship. As a good luck charm I didn't need it, for I saw front line action with the 28th Division and all I got was a crippled right arm, and gas. When she offered the charm my duty was to protect my post. But if she's alive I humbly beg her pardon.

Being an old crippled World War veteran I often wonder if we are sincere enough in our duty to our Country, as at a recent frontier celebration in Bakersfield, California, I stood in a crowd of fifteen people, three-quarters men, and I saw the Stars and Stripes go by on parade, and not a salute or a raised hat. Why not teach our citizens to respect the American flag—let them salute or take off their hats when the colors pass by.—W. T. ROWE, Bakersfield, Calif.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICA?

To the Editor: We as a nation are confronted with a situation unparalleled in our history. The standards of living have never been so high. Never have there been so many mechanical inventions, so many material comforts, nor so great an advance in sanitation, in medical science, and in all those things which are designed to make life worth living.

And yet we are a nation bewildered, and more bewildered than at any time since the founding of this Republic. We look aghast at the spectacle of a world civilization which seems bent on destroying itself.

And out of this welter of doubt and confusion on every hand, we hear a host of strange prophets vociferating loudly and each apparently trying to shout the other down. Their pamphlets are thrust beneath the doors of our offices and homes and into our automobiles. Strange voices bellow strange doctrines over our radios. And we listen and read and ponder and grow still a little more perplexed and bewildered.

Let us approach our problem with a clarity of vision and a firm faith in the stability and the resourcefulness of the American people. We believe that what America needs today is less hysteria and more plain common sense. Be sure that not one of these reformers who talk to us so glibly of the rights of man would live of choice under the rule of the dictator whose political theories he so clamorously defends. And despite all their arguments, we believe there is no magic formula to cure our national ills. Hard work, thrift and self denial are still the only sure safeguards against economic disaster.—DR. C. R. GARRETT, Walla Walla, Washington.

Hotel de Mope

(Continued from page 9)

With him is our skipper and our topper and our mess sergeant and the looey of the fourth platoon.

It seems the looey has found the rest of the company, that he lost that dark night account of not keeping closed up, and him and the platoon sarge give a wonderful character to this Jerry kitchen, and the skipper works influence and gets an order from the adj or maybe Chaumont to make it Company GHQ.

And this time the skipper is clever and he moves by daylight, so the fourth platoon will keep closed up and not haul after some other outfit when it comes to cross-roads.

This might be a week after the looey leads us into Marcq, and they are looking for that wonderful Jerry kitchen ever since, because he only sees Marcq from the back and he don't know where to look for it. And they would miss it this time too, only, as they are going by, what do they see but Peter up in his dog-wagon hollering, "Red-hot!"

They are much startled to see M.P.'s, as M.P.'s hang around estaminets back in the S.O.S. and they do not go up in the lines.

"Oh, you have got the dozy Welfare guy in the truck, captain," says the head M.P. "We will take him along too, thanks."

"These two mopes are not mopes," says the skipper, pointing to Peter and I. "They are on special detail for kitchen guards." And he stands up for us against the M.P.'s, because nobody loves M.P.'s.

The M.P.'s go off with their nine mopes, and we go up to Marcq with Company E. The looey and the platoon sarge head in the Jerry kitchen, and after them comes the mess sarge and the topper and the skipper, and they are watering in their mouths.

The platoon sarge puts his head in the barrel of brown sugar, and he sounds hollow. He says in a hollow voice, "Where is the whole barrel of brown sugar?"

"Where," says the looey, looking at a hill of empty tin cans, "is all the good *Schweinfleisch in sein eigene Saft?* Here is only empty tin cans."

"Where is all the franks, lieutenant, hey?" says the platoon sarge. "And all the Liberty cabbage that I seen with my own two eyes?"

"Gold fish!" says the looey, looking at full cans. "And corned beef hash! Do I believe my own eyes, that two men, even Pioneers, can eat this all up in a week?"

"And smokings!" says the platoon sarge where he is outside looking up in the attic. "Give a look, lieutenant; up there is only the makings of a bag of Bull!"

I and Peter are standing to attention and saying nothing, because it is always best to stand to attention and say nothing. I am edging (Continued on page 42)

Life Begins At 40



McClelland Barclay
Excels in New Art Form



Shepard Barclay
Becomes Bridge Expert

The Famous
Barclay Brothers
both Succeeded
in New Careers
AFTER 40

Shepard turned from writing to Bridge—the artist, McClelland, became a Sculptor

MCCLELLAND BARCLAY, as long ago as the World War days, won prizes for his posters.

As he neared 40—he took up sculpture with the ideal of placing beautiful objects of art in American homes. Today, his work is distributed widely through the McClelland Barclay Art Products, Inc. He works closely with his older brother, Shepard, who is the business head of the company.

Shepard was at various times, before 40, a reporter, a writer and a publisher.

When he was approaching 40, he bought a small bridge magazine. He quickly found bridge the most intense interest of his life. His bridge column is now syndicated to 576 newspapers.

It Is Not Unusual to Find Your Real Sphere After 40

The Barclays are especially talented. But even so, they found themselves only when they were around 40. This happens to many men and women. Provided they stay well and strong, their real lifework starts after 40.

Their Health Is An Asset—YOURS Can Be



Mrs. Seigel 50—
Feeling Grand

Helps Husband in Business

Dear Life Begins:

When my husband lost his business, we started in again with an office in the house. I pitched in and ran the office, besides taking care of the 4 children and all the housework.

The strain kept me nerved up. I had headaches all the time. Then I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. After a month I began to see results. The headaches stopped and soon I felt well again.

Now I wouldn't give up Fleischmann's Yeast —because I want to keep feeling grand.

ELIZABETH SEIGEL



Gets Responsible City Job

Dear Life Begins:

Two years ago, I was feeling bad. Almost anything I ate disagreed with me.

But two short weeks after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, I discovered what it is to enjoy life, not just exist.

I took a civil-service examination for a city-electrician job and got it. My work is in a big traffic tunnel and I am getting more and more responsibility. If Fleischmann's Yeast hadn't put me right, I could never swing this job at 42. In the two years I've been eating it, I haven't missed a minute of work.—MARTIN GOTTFREDSEN

SLOW DIGESTION CAN START HEALTH DOWNSHILL

As people pass 40, the gastric juices in the stomach are quite likely to flow less freely and to become weaker.

Your whole system can suffer for this one weakness. You may feel weary, discouraged, old.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food that helps bring about a freer, stronger gastric flow. This stimulating action comes from its millions of tiny, live

yeast plants in fresh yeast.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times every day—plain or in a little water. By eating one cake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before each meal, you help stimulate a full, potent flow of the gastric juices at the time when they are needed for digestion. You'll soon learn to like the fresh, malty yeast flavor. And you'll be delighted with the wonderful improvement in your health!

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Hotel de Mope

(Continued from page 41)

in and out and try to dress on Peter, and he is a hard man to dress on, because he is all swelled up.

It is not all the good eating that swells Peter all up either; it is money too, but I do not know this, as Peter always kept private from me where he kept the money, and that is why I talked in ranks and said, "Peter, what about the money, and don't forget it."

"Just for that, George," says Peter, "don't you forget what I told you, the next time you speak about the money."

I see where he is getting sore, and I am getting sore too, and I says, "Captain, don't I rate my half of the money?"

"What money?" I says, answering questions. "Why, the money for the souvenirs. Oh, no, not issue stuff, captain; only souvenirs. Peter got it all."

With that, the topper goes up to Peter and reefs him, and does he find money.

"So there is our *Schweinfleisch* and *Wurst*," says the looey.

"I will give you two the benefit of the doubt, Rook and MacMonigle," says the skipper, "that you were only thinking of the good of the service and guarding your post in a military manner. And I will take this money for the Company Fund. Rook and MacMonigle, good work!"

"On the other hand," he says, "I will

give you the benefit of the doubt that you sold United States property captured by the arts of war, and put it in your pocket, and you could be shot for that.

"Sergeant," he says to the mess sarge, who is sore on us because he has only got a Pioneer kitchen still, when he was looking forward so much, "you want six K.P.'s to clean this place up. Take these two men, and if you will work them three shifts a day, that will be six. And feed them nothing but Willie and hard bread."

"Yes, sir," says the mess sarge, looking a little happy. "I will try and keep up their morale. Fall out here, Rook and MacMonigle!"

Going To Be an Angeleno?

(Continued from page 19)

their fellow men, neighborly in the true sense of the word and tolerant of the beliefs of others, political, religious or economic.

"Here in Southern California we have learned to live. We adapt modern improvements in the spirit of the dauntless men and women who reclaimed the area and made it the finest, and most liveable, place in the United States. They made progress their servant. We do too.

"We do not apologize for our seeming lack of the quick tempo of modern civilization. We are proud of it. We believe that all business, all activities, all so-called daily programs of activity should be subordinated to the one aim—to live and enjoy it."

In California, until after the discovery of gold, there were only four towns of any size, these being centered around the forts, or presidios. They included San Diego, Los Angeles, Monterey and San Francisco. It is significant that all were located on or near ports.

July 7, 1846, the Stars and Stripes were raised at the Presidio of Monterey, following the short-lived California Republic and, on August 13th of the same year Captain Gillespie, with a garrison of 50 soldiers, proclaimed Los Angeles territory a part of the United States. This small garrison was unable to hold the city, however, and the indignant and revolting "Californicos" forced Gillespie to embark with his troops for San Diego. General John C. Frémont was organizing his forces in the northern part of the State. General Kearny, marching with a small army across the desert from the Texas campaign, was told that the Americans had been victorious in their engagements and sent all but 121 men back to "The States." He engaged the Mexicans at the Battle of San Pasqual where 37 Ameri-

cans were killed and wounded. Aided by reinforcements from the north, Kearny was able to reach San Diego where plans were made to lay siege to Los Angeles—the last Mexican stronghold in California.

In January of 1847 Kearny entered the city without firing a shot and two days later General Frémont came through from the north, having signed the Treaty of Cahuenga, by which the territory was ceded to the United States. Governor Pio Pico, the last of the Spanish and Mexican governors, remained here. His many-roomed adobe palace, ten miles from Los Angeles, is still in an excellent state of preservation and is visited daily by hundreds.

During all these days Los Angeles was a very small town with unpaved streets and no means of communication other than stagecoach and pony express rider. Despite the fact that California became a State in 1850 it was not until ten years later that the first telegraph line was built into Los Angeles. In 1869 San Pedro, the harbor, was connected with the city by rail. In 1876 the first rail line was built into the city.

It had taken Los Angeles 90 years to gain the 5,000 population it had in 1870. In 1880 the population had doubled. In the next ten years it became 50,000, many of the immigrants taking advantage of the railroad rate wars by which one could come here from the Middle West for as low as one dollar. By 1900 the population had become 100,000—and the rest is more or less common knowledge. Today the U. S. Census Bureau says that the next national convention city for The American Legion has 1,238,048 within its borders. It is the fifth city in the country.

This more or less academic review of

the history of Los Angeles is given in such detail because it is so little known.

Southern California, of which Los Angeles is the metropolis, has achieved an international fame because, largely, 75 percent of the motion picture production of the entire world is there. Hollywood is a byword wherever a cinema is shown. Hollywood, comparatively few people know, is not an independent city. It is a part of Los Angeles, only seven miles from the downtown section.

Because there is more color or romance or glamor, to borrow a picture term, about the movies, the more prosaic facts of Los Angeles, and its tributary communities, are overlooked.

For instance, it is only a statistic to point out that Los Angeles County produces a greater value of soil products than any other county in the United States. So says the U. S. Bureau of Census. Farmers are interested, but there is no glamor except for weddings where blossoms are traditional for the bride, in oranges and none at all in English walnuts. Petroleum products have made a few States, notably Oklahoma, Texas and Pennsylvania, but, except to the one interested in oil, the thousands of derricks which dot the skyline of many communities in Southern California, have little interest.

Industry, as such, gets little attention, except for those who want jobs. But it is conceded that jobs are necessary. True, thousands live in Los Angeles and the other cities nearby who do not need jobs. They are there, as Booth Tarkington once remarked his ambition was, "to listen to their arteries harden." There are others, however, who, to live here, have to work—and the many factories provide that necessary employment.

Yet, withal, Southern California is a

playland. Its seashores, its mountains, where snow sports in the winter months attract thousands from the sunnier and lower levels; its recreative facilities including every known national game, take the residents outdoors all but a few days of every year.

Legionnaires who come to Los Angeles for the convention will find a hospitable city. Everyone who has been here any length of time will attest to that.

They will find much for their amusement, if that is what they want on the convention holiday. And they will find much for their self-improvement, if that is a by-product of their convention trip.

Because the movies probably hold the center of interest to the visitor to Los Angeles, arrangements have been made for the Legionnaires who come here to visit one of the eight major studios in the city—Warner Brothers-First National.

It is the boast of the concern, supported by factual data, that this is "the most completely equipped studio in existence."

A few of the highpoints will be outlined, that those who plan to include a tour of the movies in their itinerary, may know what they will see when they take advantage of Warner Brothers' hospitality.

It occupies a 90-acre tract in the shadow of one of the Hollywood hills, and included in this is what is known as the "Back Lot" of 70 acres on which many of the famous streets and locations in different cities of the world have been built in sufficient, or skeleton, form to meet the demands of the camera.

The "Back Lot" is a series of streets, named for former pictures made on them and retaining their original identification.

The oldest is "Dijon Street" built for "Svengali." The sizeable sum of \$40,000 was recently spent in remodeling this for scenes in "The Prince and the Pauper," to be rebuilt almost immediately for a French street in "The Life of Emile Zola." There are 34 buildings on it.

"Midvale Street," used mostly for Western locations, has 36 buildings; 34 buildings make up the "Canadian Street," where "Mountain Justice" was filmed. The "Viennese Street," revamped for scenes in "Confession," has 20 buildings.

The New York, or "Brownstone Street," is the largest, with 90 buildings included in it. Bits of this are used in almost every picture. A new street, erected at a cost of \$50,000, has its locale in San Francisco. It was built for use in "Frisco Kid," has 20 buildings and the permanent name of "Frisco Street."

Recently, at a cost of \$150,000, the buildings on "Brownstone Street" were reconstructed so that all the interiors are completely finished. A hotel, or apartment house, now has a completed lobby interior, roofed and weather proof. Formerly the exterior "shots" were made of the fronts (Continued on page 44)

**"Mate it's
a swell wind
that blows
a man
Velvet!"**

—**the MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

—**the FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

*Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both*

**Better
smoking
tobacco**

Copyright 1938,
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Going To Be an Angeleno?

(Continued from page 43)

but, with the finishing in detail of the buildings, it is possible to "shoot" the interior scenes in continuous action instead of transferring the operations to an interior, or stage-built, locale.

In the modern section of the "Back Lot" are theaters, apartment houses, boarding houses, a Fifth Avenue shopping district, drug stores, banks, newspaper and office buildings, a courthouse, police stations, saloons, railroad and bus stations, a "Purple Hen" cafe and others necessary to produce the right atmosphere. One may walk, in a few steps, from "Brownstone Front Street" into Paris boulevards, bits of England, Germany, Italy, Spain, India, Holland, Vienna, Russia, Sweden, Poland, Mexico, the streets of Bagdad and the cabins of the North Canadian woods. All types of architecture are shown.

Oddities which will intrigue the visitors will be a train shed which houses practical locomotives, Pullman and street cars, a railway station with tracks complete and a section of the Grand Canal of Venice built for the "Broadway Gondoliers" on the shores of a man-made lake. Waterfront scenes from New York, San Francisco, and Shanghai are side by side with the seaport town of Liverno, famous in "Anthony Adverse" and, on this same lake, scenes from "Captain Blood" were filmed.

There are 75 permanent buildings on the front part of the 90-acre setting for the studio including 22 sound stage buildings. The largest has an inside measurement 302 feet long, 122 feet wide and 40

feet high. Within the well fenced area are 32 miles of paved and lighted streets with more than 1,000,000 square feet of buildings under permanent roofs.

Included in the arrangements made for the veteran visitors and their families are opportunities to see actual scenes of major pictures being filmed and stars at work.

To quote any more figures regarding this big studio would only add to the inability of the reader to grasp its magnitude.

Suffice it to say that those who avail themselves of the invitation, so cordially extended by Warner Brothers, to see the operations of this largest of Hollywood's studios will be well repaid.

For those who come by rail or vessel, arrangements will be made for a tour of the orange groves. Those who motor into Los Angeles will enter the orange belt some sixty miles from the city and have plenty of opportunity to stop by a grove where the owner or manager will co-operate.

In Los Angeles, and nearby communities, there are diversions to meet every taste—and pocketbook. The internationally known night spots, which film luminaries of varying radiance frequent to see and be seen, will prove a magnet to many; restaurants operated by nationals of many countries, and with their own cuisine, will prove appealing.

Catalina Island, twenty miles from Wilmington, one of Los Angeles' two port outlets, and with boats operating on a two-hour schedule, has its own lure. The

San Fernando Valley, becoming known as the location of many actors' farm homes, is an enjoyable afternoon's drive.

The beaches, with every possible convenience for the accommodation of the hundreds of thousands who frequent them the year 'round, are only a half hour distant from the heart of the city. The entire family, but more especially the children, will enjoy them.

The theaters, parks, scheduled events in the Memorial Coliseum, holding 105,000, will all be worth visiting. The Los Angeles area probably has more veterans per thousand population of all wars in which the United States has participated than any other section of the country. They will all join in making the visiting Legionnaires and their families and friends welcome.

Los Angeles has long looked forward to entertaining a Legion National Convention. Extensive preparations are under way to make this the most successful convention, from every viewpoint, that the Legion has ever held.

Everything possible will be done by the committee having the convention arrangements in hand to make of this third trip to the Pacific Coast an event long to be remembered and to furnish those who come with pleasant memories of the few days they spend here.

It is the hope of the committee that everyone who comes, young or old and of either sex, will feel like the vacationist who wrote the bromidic post card message home, "Having a wonderful time, wish you were here."

Girl of the Golden West

(Continued from page 17)

alone, later forming a partnership with Roger Bone, son of a former Governor of Alaska, Scott Bone. During the Corwins' summers in Seattle, the friendship between the two young people ripened and on August 25, 1914, Clara Corwin became Mrs. Malcolm Douglas. How the entrance of America in the World War affected the fortunes of the young Clan Douglas has already been told.

Notwithstanding a full schedule of both day and night classes in the High School where she had resumed her position after Lieutenant Douglas sailed for the A. E. F. in the fall of 1917, Clara still found time on Saturdays to assist in Red Cross work and in the sale of Liberty Bonds. Young Jean Douglas fortunately had her grandmother to assist in her care.

An enviable record was won by Lieutenant Douglas in the A. E. F. After his early arrival overseas, he attended the

Field Artillery School at Saumur and in the spring of 1918 was assigned to duty with the 15th Field Artillery, Second Division, just before it went into action in the Aisne-Marne Defensive and Offensive. He saw front-line action while serving as artillery liaison officer with the infantry. After gaining his captaincy he was given command of a battery. He remained with the same regiment during its later actions and accompanied it into the Occupied Area in Germany. For gallantry in action, he was twice cited and was awarded a Croix de Guerre with two palms.

It was not until August of 1919 that Malcolm Douglas returned to the States with his regiment, obtained his discharge from service and proceeded to Spokane for a reunion with his wife and daughter. With his little family re-established in Seattle, he resumed the practice of law—

but only for a year, as the following year the still-young veteran was elected to the office of Prosecuting Attorney for King County, holding that office until 1924, when he was elevated to Judge of the Superior Court, in which he is serving his fourth consecutive term, and is now Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of the State.

Judge Douglas's interest in military activities continues. Following his discharge, he accepted a commission as major of Field Artillery in the Reserves, has since won his colonelcy and has never been known to miss the annual training course with his regiment at Fort Lewis, Washington. A charter member of the first Legion Post organized in Washington—Elmer J. Noble Post, which through consolidation with other Posts is now a part of Seattle Post—his professional connections have prevented him from taking

active part or holding office in his Post, but he is always available as a speaker at Legion meetings, and is in great demand.

The history of The American Legion Auxiliary in the State of Washington must largely be the story of Clara Douglas's activity in the organization, because upon her own initiative she organized the first Unit in her State. As early as the July 25, 1919, issue of The American Legion Weekly we find an editorial commanding several Legion Departments for encouraging the formation of an Auxiliary which states in part: "No one is closer to an appreciation of the horrors of the Meuse or the Argonne than the wives and mothers of the men who battled there. No one suffered more sharply, made a greater sacrifice."

At the Legion's first National Convention in Minneapolis, the Constitution adopted included an article which read: "The American Legion recognizes an auxiliary organization to be known as 'The Woman's Auxiliary of The American Legion'"—which title, of course, was later changed. Remember, that was in November, 1919. Although Clara Douglas had never used her eligibility to several distinguished hereditary societies, here was an organization in which she had a personal interest, in which she found an opportunity to render direct service. An item she read in a Seattle newspaper reporting the action of the Legion's National Convention caused Clara Douglas to attend an organization meeting of eligible women.

That first meeting, held in the National Guard Armory at Seattle in December, 1919, was attended by more than two hundred women who displayed such great interest that an application for a charter was immediately executed. Mrs. Douglas was elected the first President of that first Auxiliary Unit in the State of Washington, and before the end of her term its membership had grown to seven hundred. In September, 1920, she assisted in the organization of the Department of Washington and following her year as President she continued to serve her Unit as Auditor and as a member of its Legislative, Rehabilitation, Fidac and Child Welfare Committees.

Thus began a service to the Auxiliary that has been uninterrupted through the years. Clara Douglas has served on all of her Department's important committees; in 1923 she began a two-year term as Department Chairman of Rehabilitation, followed by a year as Department Child Welfare Chairman. To list all of the offices that Clara Douglas has held in the Auxiliary, both within her Unit and Department and in the national organization, would amount to calling the roll of most of the honored positions that the Auxiliary can offer to a sincere worker.

It was not until 1929, when she was elected Department President, that Mrs. Douglas attended her first National Convention in (Continued on page 46)

HOW A SIMPLE TRICK MAKES SHAVING EASY



BLACKSTONE, MASTER MAGICIAN, TELLS ALL

● "Making whiskers disappear like magic is one of the easiest tricks on earth," says Blackstone, master magician, who amazes crowds nightly with his feats of wizardry. "Just slip a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor and — presto — you've got the closest, longest-lasting shave money can



REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

● Misfit razor blades may fool the eye—but not the cheek! When shaving edges protrude too far, or not far enough—you feel the difference instantly. Avoid misfits. Demand Gillette Blades. They are precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor accurately!

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades

Gillette
Blades

PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

buy. Nobody can fool me on blades or shaving methods. I've tried them all. That's why I say, the cheek is quicker than the eye. Shave the Gillette way and your face feels the difference. What's more, it shows the difference—looks cleaner and smoother—for hours to come!"



PRESTO! THE WORLD'S BEST SHAVE

● A few passes whisk away Blackstone's steel-gray stubble quickly and cleanly. You don't have to be a magician to duplicate this feat. Simply use a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor. You'll get the world's best shaves for less than one cent a day.



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette removes whiskers cleanly—at the skin line—giving you a shave that really lasts!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another method will look full-grown in a few short hours!



GILLETTE BRUSHLESS
Shaving Cream—made with peanut oil—softens tough whiskers, speeds shaving, soothes the skin. You'll like it! Big tube 25¢

Girl of the Golden West

(Continued from page 45)

Louisville, Kentucky, but she has missed none since then, and has taken a responsible part in most of the annual meetings, having served as Chairman of the National Committees on Americanism, Constitution and By-laws, Rules, and National Defense. A year after her term as Department President she was elected National Vice President, representing the Western Division, and in the following year National Historian. During the two years preceding her election as National President, Mrs. Douglas had earned unusual distinction as National Chairman of National Defense, having, in addition to addressing conferences in all parts of the country, compiled a manual on National Defense which is considered a criterion for a work of its kind and is used throughout the Auxiliary and by other patriotic organizations.

With so much of her time devoted to Auxiliary work, it might well be asked how such added activities have affected the Douglas household. One has but to visit the Douglas home, situated atop one of Seattle's many hills, meet the Judge and the three children, Jean, Donald and Keith, and have all doubts dispelled. The splendid training of these young people reflects the careful watchfulness of a proud and thoughtful mother. Jean, now in her early twenties, has been a student in the University of Washington, where, reflecting her mother's interest, she majored in dramatic art. She is a member of Pi Phi Sorority. For three years she was an active member of the little theater groups sponsored by the University—the Penthouse Theater that specializes in

the production of modern drama and the Studio Theater whose efforts are directed toward a revival of the classics. Following that bent, Jean has been coaching in New York City this past winter in dramatic art.

Following his graduation from Seattle High School this spring, seventeen-year-old Donald looks forward to entering the University of Washington, and I think it a safe bet that he will follow his father and earlier Douglasses in the legal field. He enjoys all sports—hunting, fishing, swimming, speed-boating—but his particular joy is in skiing. Clara Douglas likes to tell that while she enjoys the devotion of all of her family, she can always depend upon Donald to be the first at the train steps when she returns home from her journeys.

Keith, now a dozen years old and rapidly approaching his high school days, seems destined to receive plaudits in the field of sports. He is active and competent in baseball, basketball and football, but two evenings each week he plays hookey from his fellow athletes to sell magazines, and the nice part of it is that the money he earns is spent for presents for mother. Proud of his mother's recognition? Well, Keith expressed it this way, "Oh, boy, it's something to be the son of a National President!" But I know he is just as proud of his dad's prowess as hunter and fisherman, and he and Donald and Dad often travel to nearby forests and streams to test their skill.

Not content with the energies expended in her long service to the Auxiliary, Mrs. Douglas has for many years

been active in civic and charitable work in Seattle. She is a patroness of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Vice-President of the Civic Opera Association, has been a member of the Board of the American Red Cross, and she and the Judge give active support to the two civic theaters of which Jean is a member. But with all, Clara Douglas has a hobby—she aspires to be an architect and interior decorator and her aspiration is reflected in her beautifully-appointed home. And that home, I am happy to report, is presided over during this year that will take Mrs. Douglas into every State of the Union and into some of the outlying Department of the Auxiliary by a sweet lady of seventy-six summers—Malcolm Douglas's mother.

I asked Clara Douglas what the Judge thought of the eminent position to which she had been elected. She told me he is appalled by the itinerary that is mapped out for her and is quite insistent that she take time off now and then for a rest at home. Presiding Judge of the Superior Court—that title has a portentous sound, but Malcolm Douglas's high position has not dulled his sense of humor. He has gratuitously offered a suggestion to the Legionnaire husbands of prospective aspirants to the office of National President of The American Legion Auxiliary—but that's another story and one the Judge may tell you himself, should you happen to meet him. But there was a twinkle in his eye when he offered it and he is proud and happy that Clara Corwin Douglas has been justly rewarded for her years of service to the organization.

Your Job—Their Jobs

(Continued from page 13)

Chairman got out with a whole skin—and a little later received this wire from Noel Sargent, Executive Secretary of the National Association of Manufacturers:

"Our board of directors has directed the Association to recommend to member manufacturers that they do not establish in their respective companies any fixed upper age limit upon employment, below any which might be fixed for permanent retirement."

Subsequently, the board of directors of the Association at its February meeting amplified the original resolution in these words:

"The National Association of Manufacturers is opposed to the employment in industry of children under sixteen years of age, and to the establishment of arbitrary upper age limits in the hiring or employment of workers below any which

might be fixed for permanent retirement. It urges its members to carefully review their employment policies to see that no such arbitrary age limits are practiced in their companies, and instruct their respective employment officers to employ persons according to their qualifications without regard to any maximum age."

The National Field Service of The American Legion has rendered invaluable service in assembling data which has been put at the disposal of the Committee. One field secretary in a large eastern city, interviewing an employer solely with a view to obtaining a confidential statement of his policy toward the problem of the unemployed veteran, learned that the manufacturer, himself a veteran, was in immediate need of two all-around machinists. A telephone call to the local Legion service officer solved that problem.

Are you an actor? If you're over forty the outlook is dark for you unless you have an established reputation in character parts. That's what another Field Secretary dug up. But at that you're better off than a dance-band musician. There the best years are 20-25, and if you're over thirty in this field your best chance is to give music lessons.

A Middle West corporation of 9,000 regular employes has 3,000 on its laid-off register, of whom 2000 are in the age-group that most closely concerns the Legion. Twelve hundred of the 9,000 are World War veterans, and 900 of these are in one Legion Post which carries the name of the corporation. Another Middle West corporation, a large utility, has 9,400 employes who average 42 years old. Further west a larger utility—28,000 employes—reports 68 percent of its

workers over 40; among its female help there are few over 42, but it has a 30 percent turnover in this group annually. In a small utility outfit employing 1200 men and women, two interested Legionnaires made a survey and found that 200 were veterans.

Two of every five steel workers are past forty, according to the American Iron and Steel Institute—and steel isn't sissy work. The General Electric Company's 15,000 employes average 40.4 years. Massachusetts authorities have assembled data covering 193,592 male employes in 650 establishments; not quite 35 percent are 45 years old or over.

There is abundant evidence that the ancient prejudice against the man past forty is swiftly diminishing. *Sales Management* recently conducted a survey among members of the Sales Executives Club of New York City and found that men past forty are preferred for higher-type selling work by 80 percent of the members. Here are the ten ranking reasons for this preference: Men past forty are likely to turn out more production; they are more likely to be conscientious about work which is hard to check up; they are more likely to take an open-minded attitude toward criticism; they are likely to undertake an unpleasant assignment more willingly; they are more likely to bring in new, valuable ideas; they are less likely to resign to go elsewhere; they are less likely to become discouraged; they are more likely to do necessary overtime work cheerfully; they are more likely to be co-operative generally; they are less likely to "yes" superiors. Most of those "likelies" will apply favorably to other activities besides selling.

Neal O'Hara wrote the other day in his syndicated newspaper column: "A specialist in employer-relations asserts that a survey shows men and women over fifty make the best salespeople. The cold figures show that for every \$100 worth of merchandise sold by a salesman in his twenties, a person past thirty (given an equal opportunity) can sell \$102.04; salespeople above forty can sell \$107.38 worth, and those above fifty can vend \$108.78 worth."

How many unemployed veterans are there? First, how many veterans are there? The United States Employment Service estimates the number of World War veterans at 4,134,767; Spanish-American War, 180,000; Regular services, 142,205; War Between the States and Indian campaigns, 13,177—a grand total of 4,470,149. The second and fourth of these groups, of course, include no veterans under fifty. In the first and third groups, the class 40-49 is inevitably the largest. The World War figures are worth breaking down, and this is the result: 20-29, none (naturally, though the Regulars have some 25,000 in this group); 30-39, 424,408; 40-49, 3,380,583; 50-59, 294,529; 60-69, 31,081; 70 years and over, 4,166.

(Continued on page 48)



WHEN I hunt small game or pests, I want a cartridge that shoots straight and hits hard!" says Babe Ruth, who knows plenty about hard hitting . . . and about all kinds of shooting, too. "And those Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's sure have a wallop!"

Take a tip from the Babe and stock up on Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's. They smack game with more power at 100 yards than ordinary .22's develop at the muzzle. They'll penetrate eight $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch pineboards!

Travel faster, farther, straighter

Their high velocity makes Kleanbore Hi-Speed .22's travel faster, farther and straighter. They're accurate up to 300 yards . . . 100 yards farther than ordinary .22's. They shoot flatter . . . you're not so likely to shoot high or low. And they've got the original Kleanbore priming that

keeps rust and corrosion out of your barrel no matter how much you shoot. No more barrel cleaning!

These powerful Hi-Speed cartridges cost no more than ordinary .22's! Made with both Kleankote dry lubricant and regular grease lubrication. Just remember: if it's Remington, it's right!

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Member of the American Wildlife Institute
"For a more abundant game supply"

Remington

DUPONT

KLEANBORE, HI-SPEED and KLEANKOTE are Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off. by REMINGTON ARMS CO., Inc.

Don't Forget—National Hardware Week, May 9-14



KLEANBORE KLEANKOTE .22's have the new "dry" lubricant that won't come off to soil hands or clothes.

Grease lubricated KLEANBORE .22's are made in both regular and Hi-Speed. Solid and hollow points.



Your Job—Their Jobs

(Continued from page 47)

Some 262,000 World War veterans are registered with the United States Employment Service, but there is reason to believe that the actual total of unemployed veterans is from two to three times as high—say between half and three-quarters of a million. Of the 262,000 registered, to give round figures, 17,000 are professional workers; 11,000 are salespeople; 12,000 are clerical workers; 19,000 are service workers; 75,000 are craftsmen (skilled workers); 68,000 are production workers (semi-skilled); 60,000 are unskilled workers.

The actual total of unemployed would

certainly show a far higher proportion, as well as a far higher total, of unskilled workers among veterans. On the other hand, a roster of unemployed Legionnaires would show a relatively smaller proportion of unskilled workers.

The Legion has tackled the unemployment puzzle before. I saw a magazine article a while ago that gave The American Legion credit for breaking the back of the "baby depression" of 1921. While I think that statement was at least a moderate exaggeration, the fact remains that the Legion did a splendid and effective job and gained thereby an ex-

perience that has helped in recent crises.

But it must be remembered that the present recession is not just another crisis. It is by far the most serious of all employment crises that have confronted the Legion because coupled with it is the age problem. And in closing, I want to accent this fact not because I regard it as an insurmountable barrier, but to impress on Legionnaires generally the fact that this drive for work isn't just a trench-raid. It's a Meuse-Argonne. It isn't something we can just take in our stride. It is something we can take. We're going to. But we've all got to help. So let's go!

Twenty Years Ago

(Continued from page 25)

vincial Duma notifies diplomatic representatives of the powers of formation of Government of Autonomous Siberia.

President Wilson places on women aliens the same restrictions as apply to men.

Ex-President Taft declares in Boston address that America must put from five to six million men in the field. "This will be a three-year war," he adds, "two in which to send our boys across and a year to win the war."

21

British drive Germans from some of their advance positions near Robecq.

British and French troops land at Murmansk on northern coast of Kola Peninsula, Arctic Ocean, to guard against attacks by Finnish White Guard.

Armenians retake Van.

King Victor Emmanuel welcomes Congressman LaGuardia of New York, a captain in the American flying corps, to headquarters at the Italian front, tells him he is anxious to see American soldiers there.

22

British naval forces, in coöperation with French destroyers, carry out a raid against Zeebrugge and Ostend to bottle up German submarine bases. Five obsolete British cruisers, which had been filled with concrete, are run aground, blown up and abandoned by their crews and two old submarines are loaded with explosives for the destruction of the Zeebrugge mole. Harbor fully blocked.

"Lightless nights," (Sundays and Thursdays of each week) in effect since December 14, 1917, temporarily suspended in U. S.

Federal Government, alarmed at vice conditions in Philadelphia, takes over police department of that city.

Harry Lauder, heading his show at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, sings a new patriotic song, "Marching With the President, from North, South, East and West."

23

Violent bombardment ushers in German attacks on whole front south of Somme and against French on right. Allies stand firm, but later Germans gain possession of Villers-Bretonneux, southeast of Amiens. South of Avre in all-day battle Germans get footing in Hangard. Strong allied attacks northwest of Béthune gain ground.

Germany protests to Russian government against landing of allied troops at Murmansk in violation of provisions of Brest-Litovsk Treaty.

Bayonne opened as part of Base Section 2 (Bordeaux).

Ram Chandra, Indian nationalist, is shot to death by fellow defendant, Ram Singh, in San Francisco Federal Court where they are on trial for conspiracy. United States Marshal Holahan kills Ram Singh, firing at him across the room and over heads of attorneys.

24

All-day struggle along northern edge of Lys salient in which British and French are forced to withdraw between Bailleul and Wytschaete. In Somme sector British make small gains in vicinity of Villers Bretonneux, tanks being used on both sides. Germans take Hangard.

Baron Rhondda resigns as British food controller and Lord Northcliffe gives up chairmanship of London headquarters of the British Mission to the United States and director of propaganda in enemy countries.

Two French airmen break round trip flight record between New York and

Washington, leaving Mineola, Long Island, at 9 A. M. and landing on return at 6 P. M.

25

Gen. Von Arnim's army takes Mont Kemmel. Large crater of St. Eloi captured with Danoutre and height northwest of Vieugelhoek, and 6500 prisoners. South of Somme, Villers-Bretonneux is recovered by British. French recover part of Hangard.

American steamship *St. Paul* sinks as she enters her dock in New York, five of her 400 workmen and crew drowning. Ash-port carelessly left open, the cause.

War is costing United States \$40,000,000 daily, \$30,000,000 for government purposes and \$10,000,000 in loans to Allies, Treasury reports.

26

Germans capture British post near Festubert, but local attack west of Merville breaks down. West of Thennes French repulse enemy attacks. French raiding parties successful near Loivre and northeast of Carnillet. Attempts of French to pierce enemy lines at Hangar Wood and north of Luce Brook fail.

British capture Kirfa in Mesopotamia, Turks retreating to Kirkuk.

American First Division goes into line in Montdidier salient on Picardy battle front.

Proposal of James M. Beck that United States regard as a gift the \$5,000,000,000 it has thus far lent the Allies for war purposes is an insult to those nations, says Samuel Untermyer in Third Liberty Loan address.

27

Germans take Voormezeele behind Mont Kemmel, but are driven out by counter-attack. Ypres still holds, but

Germans gain footing in outskirts of Loker, which changes hands five times. German attacks northwest of Rheims and in sectors of St. Mihiel, Luneville and Le Prete are repulsed.

Paul M. Warburg, vice governor of Federal Reserve Board, foreseeing a fourth, fifth, sixth and even a seventh Liberty Loan, declares in Liberty Loan address that the people of the nation must save and invest in these bond issues or disastrous inflation will result. [There were five war bond drives, four called Liberty Loans, the fifth, in the spring of 1919, being termed the Victory Loan.]

28

British let loose artillery bombardment from River Scarpe to Lens and between Givenchy and forest of Nieppe. Portion of Festubert captured by enemy two days earlier is retaken. Enemy attempt to cross Oise east of Varesnes repulsed by French. German positions at Corbeny on right bank of Meuse penetrated by French detachments. Belgians repulse attacks north of Ypres.

British liner *Orissa* torpedoed in English waters, 57 American Y.M.C.A. secretaries among those rescued.

U. S. Senate passes Overman Bill giving President power to consolidate and coördinate executive bureaus and agencies, as a war emergency measure.

Congressman Madden, Chairman of a House investigating committee, absolves Post Office Department of blame for delay in mail to soldiers in A. E. F., says letters and parcels are held up after arrival overseas.

29

General German attack on Lys sector repulsed. No ground given up by British in Flanders as Germans launch attacks. British take Loker after laying down violent artillery fire.

British flyers drop 275 tons of bombs on enemy troops east of Loker.

In Mesopotamia British capture Tuzhurmatli, taking 300 prisoners.

M. Duval, manager of the newspaper *Bonnet Rouge*, Leymarie and Marion, directors of the paper, Goldsky and Landau, reporters, and two others go on trial at Paris for treason and espionage.

30

Tremendous artillery duel all along battle front in Flanders.

Strong attack against American troops occupying short sector west of Villers-Bretonneux is repulsed. Artillery action heavy in Villers-Bretonneux sector, on both banks of the Avre and in region north of Montdidier.

French recover ground on slope of Scherpenberg and advance their line astride the Danoutre road. Allies push forward between La Clyte and Kemmel.

Total American troops transported overseas during April is 118,642; troops returned, 554. Total for the A. E. F. is at 494,494.

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CITY _____ STATE _____

Justice, Freedom, Democracy

REV. FATHER LAWLER

(Continued from page 10)

was signed September 17, 1787, and submitted to the States for ratification by at least nine of the thirteen. New Hampshire became the ninth State on June 21, 1788, and the Constitution then became the fundamental law of the United States.

No sooner was the Constitution ratified than several basic objections were made. In fact, some of the States ratified the document on condition that certain amendments be added that would protect the States from invasion of their rights by the national Government.

These amendments, numbering ten, were soon designated popularly as the "Bill of Rights." They were proposed at the first session of Congress, September 25, 1789, and declared in force December 15, 1791.

The first amendment guarantees freedom of religion, of speech, and of the press, and gives right of peaceable assemblage and petition.

This first amendment grants to all churches within the domain of the United States the largest measure of freedom—freedom of worship, freedom to teach, freedom to carry on their extensive works of charity. This amendment gives to all churches friendly co-operation. This first amendment grants to every citizen of the United States the largest measure of freedom to work out his own salvation, to worship, to argue freely according to his own conscience, to determine the pattern of his own culture, to develop his own personality—without the least interference of the State. These rights are sacred and inalienable, and no State has the right to deny them to a single citizen. However, we do find forces at work today within the borders of our own country—organizations trying to tear down the rights of the individual—to reduce him to a mere cog in the vast machinery of state—and deny him the privilege to believe and to worship according to his own conscience.

Every American citizen, be he a Protestant, a Jew or a Catholic, owes a special debt of gratitude and devotion to the Constitution of the United States for the advantages he enjoys under it. You are not persecuted in this country because you are a Protestant, a Jew or a Catholic; there is no unfair legislation against you. Because of the freedom granted you, every religious denomination has made marvelous progress in the United States—your churches, your schools, your colleges, your institutions of every description, hospitals, homes, asylums—stand as immortal monuments of the religious freedom of America.

The forces that are trying to destroy our Constitution have forgotten that the laws made by man must reflect the truth

and justice of God. They have thrown off the yoke of authority which is from God, they have robbed the citizen of his own individual dignity by making him a slave of the Dominant State.

The majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention were sincere, religious men. They realized that religion is the bulwark of democracy, and that religion, and religion alone, provides for the betterment of the masses and for increasing the measure of men's happiness here below, while it always avails itself of the chance to fashion minds and hearts to things which are everlasting.

Time does not alter or change these eternal truths. Washington in his farewell address had this to say of religion: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

May this one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of our country revive our interest in this immortal document. May we never sacrifice our birthright of liberty, freedom and democracy for that traditional mess of pottage. Ever remember that our Constitution was and is intended to protect the people under it from the worst curse humanity has ever known, and that curse has ever been powerful, autocratic, dictatorial government, which destroys everything that will not bend or yield to its dictates.

REV. DR. KEATHLEY

(Continued from page 10)

last summer, a gentleman with me broke the silence the magnitude of the building had cast over us by saying, "This is the greatest building in all the world. It is the final seat of justice to the individual. The humblest citizen of the United States can come up these stairs and plead his case, in the event he feels that justice has not been meted out to him."

Immediately and with a new appreciation of the meaning of personal liberty, I replied, "I thank God I am an American."

It is understood that the nations of the earth have been strongly influenced toward democracy by the government instituted here by our early forefathers. But today these same nations are turning to communism or fascism. Every moment the word freedom means less to the world! In many lands, God has been dethroned; high ideals have been cast away and men, women and children are wondering what a day will bring forth. A French government official placed his hand on my shoulder when I was in France and said,

"Tell America France is holding the last trench of democracy." He said it with a tear in his voice, knowing his own nation is being threatened within and without. The freedom guaranteed the individual in the United States is being threatened. Man is born free, and on every hand he is bound in chains. "Each for all and all for each" is a beautiful expression but what does it mean to anyone today? Let us remember an old maxim which runs, "Liberty may be acquired but never recovered." The one thing that makes America different from all other nations is the Bill of Rights. Dare we put gold or buildings, land, prestige, or national glory above this liberty? Let us ever remember, the Jew gave the world faith in God, the Greek deathless art, the Roman gave us law and government, but the United States of America gave liberty. Never forget, the Statue of Liberty has broken chains at her feet and on her brow the diadem of peace.

RABBI LEVINGER

(Continued from page 10)

well as a complete separation of church and state. For the first time in history every church was free from domination by the government; every man and woman was free to worship God according to his own conscience.

Since that time every new State to join the Union has incorporated similar provisions in its Constitution. The original thirteen lined up one after the other, although two of them neglected to make the change until the middle of the nineteenth century. The American Government, courts and laws are all faithful to the American principle of religious freedom.

This principle was so impressive in the American Army during the World War that many of us thought it was now established beyond challenge as a part of American life. Since that day, however, our freedom is again threatened, both from within and without.

In various lands across the seas religious and racial hatred have risen to a height hardly known even during the Middle Ages. The virulent attacks on the Jews of Germany, Poland and Rumania are only a climax to many similar attacks on many other racial, religious and national minorities. Even voluntary organizations of veterans, similar to ours, have been prohibited. The whole picture is a holocaust of hate, leading directly toward further and more terrible wars to come.

Some of this Nazi movement has been imported into America. Nobody knows how many agents have been sent, how much money is being used in propaganda, but all of us have seen some of this

imported literature, and the recent Congressional investigation showed at least that the movement is a serious one. The first effort of the enemies of American freedom is to stir up disunion among the American people. Unfortunately, they meet a few allies here at home, persons who place their own narrow prejudices above American principles.

In this year when we celebrate the freedom under law established by the Constitution, we need to bear in mind that one of the freedoms established in that great document is the right of each man to worship God in his own way. In that right, at least, there are no majorities or minorities; one man may be a

church by himself, for his own conscience is inviolable.

As an integral part of the program of The American Legion to defend Americanism, to propagate the teachings of the Constitution, we must inevitably stand for the right of freedom of worship. We must keep church free from interference by the state, and keep the state free from domination by any single church. We are a God-fearing people; we demand the same right to worship God for each of our citizens; we take away no jot of civil standing for anything in his person or his faith, so long as he observes the law and thus proves himself worthy of the title "American."

THE LEGION BUDGET FOR 1938

IN ACCORDANCE with Convention Mandate to the effect that the annual budget be published in The American Legion Magazine, the National Finance

Committee herewith submits the estimated budget for 1938 as approved by the National Executive Committee, November 18, 1937:

BUDGET FOR 1938

Revenue:

General:

Dues, 900,000 members.....	\$900,000.00
Less: Subscription to Magazine @ 65c.....	\$585,000.00
Subscription to National Legionnaire @ 10c.....	90,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$675,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$225,000.00
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S. A. L. Dues 50,000 Members @ 25c.....	\$ 12,500.00
Less: Subscription to Legion Heir @ 15c.....	7,500.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 5,000.00
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S. A. L. Dues for Prior Years.....	\$ 50,000.00
Emblem Division Earnings.....	36,254.98
Legion Publishing Division Earnings.....	32,000.00
Reserve Fund Earnings.....	300.00
Purchase Discount.....	1,000.00
Interest Earned.....	5,280.00
Interest Washington Building.....	2,000.00
Interest Emblem Inventory.....	
Miscellaneous.....	
	<hr/>
	\$356,834.98

Restricted:

Earnings of Endowment Fund.....	\$176,000.00
Contributions:	
Forty and Eight for Child Welfare.....	18,000.00
Auxiliary for Rehabilitation.....	25,000.00
Auxiliary for Child Welfare.....	10,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$229,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$585,834.98

Expense:

Administration.....	\$119,215.49
Membership Card Section.....	6,345.00
Americanism.....	26,351.95
Legislative.....	21,444.00
Publicity.....	23,381.45
Finance.....	22,813.08
Executive.....	94,250.00
Rehabilitation and Child Welfare.....	42,650.48
	<hr/>
Total Payable from General Revenue.....	\$356,451.45
Payable from Restricted Revenue:	
Rehabilitation.....	\$167,176.00
Child Welfare.....	104,474.48
	<hr/>
	\$271,650.48
	42,650.48
	<hr/>
	\$229,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$585,451.45
	383.57
	<hr/>
	\$585,834.98

Less: Excess Over Restricted Fund Available.....

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If War Should Come Tomorrow

(Continued from page 15)

number of men for the National Guard.

In coöperation with the Navy, the War Department has worked out a plan of selective service. A law has been drafted to submit to Congress if the emergency should arise. Regulations to carry the proposed law into effect have been drawn up. The necessary forms for printing are ready. By conferences and extension courses, Regular and Reserve officers of the Army and Navy and of the National Guard have been trained to organize and to assist in the administration of selective service. The plans are subjected to continuous study and criticism by the Army and the Navy. Every effort is made to provide for both the law and the machinery to enable the United States to call into active service, with a minimum of delay, the full strength of its manpower.

Once these men are called to the colors, they will find a Regular Army better equipped, better trained, better instructed, and with a better understanding of the civilians who must be converted quickly into soldiers than at any time in our history. The officers and enlisted men of the Army are keeping physically fit and mentally alert to serve their country in peace and in war. In our garrisons at home and in our possessions overseas, they are planning, studying and experimenting. The battlefields of Europe and Asia today are proving grounds for weapons and equipment. The Army Schools and the General and Division Staffs follow these struggles with professional interest, ever on the alert, in the light of these experiences, to improve our methods, our tactics and our training.

The Regular Army instructs and encourages the growth and efficiency of the National Guard. It teaches and develops the R.O.T.C. units at our schools and colleges. It trains and leads the Organized Reserves and fosters and nurtures the C.M.T.C.

To back up the Regular Army, we now have a trained National Guard of 192,000 officers and enlisted men, who, in their annual field exercises, have demonstrated their fitness for immediate call. In an emergency, most of them will be found among the first 300,000.

Perhaps the most significant post-war contribution to preparedness is represented by the growth and development of the Officers' Reserve Corps. On April 6, 1917, we had less than 3,000 Reserve officers, with little or no training and without the experience for the job that a major war demands. Today, we are approaching 100,000, and holding all of them up to a high standard of efficiency.

The work of the Reserve officers in the administration of the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps illustrates the value of their training. Since 1933, approximately 30,000 of them have been called to active service and with very few exceptions, they have performed their duties most commendably. The highest compliment to their efficiency, their capability and their character comes from their disciplinary record. Of the

Provisions for personnel do not cover all the needs of an efficient army. With the beginning of parade ground drill and field maneuvers, to say nothing of actual combat, shoes wear out, buttons fall off, tools break and other incidents of fair wear and tear of the service are bound to take place.

Due to careful planning, we have enough of the ordinary supplies to take care of our soldiers for a period of six months.

The same cannot be said, however, of weapons and equipment developed since the World War, such as airplanes, anti-aircraft and long-range guns, gas masks, and other more modern and essential accoutrements of an efficient military machine.

It is also evident that certain raw materials essential to the needs of the fighting forces are either entirely lacking in this country or are produced in very limited quantities, incapable, in time of war, of marked expansion.

We need manganese, a metal used in modern steel making for the purpose of cleansing and deoxidizing machine steel. We are short of chromium, a mineral essential in the manufacture of rust-resisting alloys. We lack tungsten, which is indispensable to the production of high-speed tool steel. Our supply of tin, necessary for solder, bearings, and linings for metal containers, is inadequate. For these, and a few other essential items, we must depend upon foreign sources. In the event of war, our access to these supplies may be cut off.

Our efforts must be directed, therefore, to build up, in time of peace, a reserve of raw and fabricated war materials sufficient to take care of our Army in all its needs until industry, mobilized for war purposes, can convert plowshares into swords and pruning hooks into spears.

The complete change of industry from a peace to a war basis is a slow and difficult process. It may take weeks, perhaps months, and in some cases, it may take a year or more to produce some of the delicate machinery required in the production of war material. The fight against time still challenges the efficiency of our industrial mobilization program. Time gained may save millions of dollars and thousands of precious lives.

In addition to the problem of production, there is the matter of distribution of this war load among our manufacturing plants and their assignment to the needs of the Army and Navy, of the military as well as of the civilian population.

As part of its industrial mobilization program, the War Department has allocated or assigned each of ten thousand of the principal manufacturing plants of the country to one or more of the supply



"He thumbed me for a ride"

30,000, but twelve have been tried by general court martial. Such a record for discipline, honor and efficiency can hardly be matched in any corps, regular or reserve, of any country in any period of its history.

Among Reserve officers, there is a continuous weeding out process. We of the World War, both former officers and enlisted men, are not growing younger. We may have surprised most of the onlookers when as Legionnaires we marched by the reviewing stand in New York, wave upon wave, still erect in carriage, still lithe in body and still firm in step. Not yet are we to be counted out, but there is no cheating of time. A year from now, two years from now, and certainly ten years from now, the parade of marching veterans will present a far less encouraging sight.

Our Reserve program must therefore include a strengthening of the R.O.T.C. units at our colleges to provide us with a reservoir of Reserve officers and the building up of an Enlisted Reserve of former privates and non-commissioned officers of the post-war Regular Army who return to civil life at the end of enlistments.

branches for the production of military necessities. The full potential capacity of each plant has been studied. Each has been given a definite war-time task.

The majority of these plants have agreed to perform the allotted work. The agreement is informal. It has no legal status. It binds neither the Government nor the industrial plant. It simply means that the plant has coöperated with the Government in studying and in analyzing the war load.

In developing our plan for this phase of mobilization, the War Department has received the hearty coöperation of both industry and labor. If war should come, we feel confident that this friendly relationship will be continued.

Our program includes also a plan for a super-agency, national in character and administered by outstanding civilians, to coördinate this tremendous industrial effort. The War Department is unalterably opposed to the militarization of industry under the control of military men.

To win a war today requires not only the coöperation of industry and labor, but of a whole united people behind the lines. During the last war, there was present behind the lines, in all warring nations, a pack of vicious forces which threatened to nullify the sacrifices at the front and to undermine the morale of the families at home. The United States was no exception.

Hysterical competition for war materials and skilled labor sent prices of goods and wages to sky-rocketing heights. Rents, food and clothing jumped to new high levels. The thirty dollars a month that, in 1917, the dependents of our soldiers were assured, in 1918 had shrunk in its purchasing power to less than one half of its earlier equivalent. The average price of all commodities during the World War had risen to nearly two and a half times their average peace-time level. Inflation and profiteering raised their ugly heads. Had the World War lasted much longer, our home sector might have

become demoralized to a serious extent.

A program of preparedness should include means to prevent profiteering, hold down prices, equalize the burdens of war and assure a united front behind the lines. The American Legion has sponsored such a program. A law with teeth in it, with stringent penalties for violation, to take effect upon a declaration of war, that will attack the two evils of inflation and excess profits and minimize the possibilities of their effects, will round out our national defense program.

A national defense program cannot be realized without some cost to the taxpayers. A people, however, that has grown accustomed to carrying insurance policies against death, against personal injury, against property damage, against fire, and against storm, has become familiar with the necessity of paying premiums for protection.

Our 1937 premium for all land, air and sea forces in the United States was about \$5.60 per capita. In Germany in 1936 it was \$8. Last year the German government did not see fit to publish its figures. The premium rate for 1937 in Italy was \$12.42; in France, \$20.18; and in Russia, \$18.50. In 1936, in Japan, it was \$13. Last year, Japan's expenditures for national defense ran to one billion, eight hundred million dollars, or \$18 per capita, an increase of \$5. For the United Kingdom it was \$21.67 per capita, or an increase of \$5.67 over 1936. These figures indicate that merely the increase in the per capita cost of 1937 above that of 1936, for both Japan and the United Kingdom, was as much as the whole premium in the United States for 1937.

In conclusion, let it be said that since 1920 we have built up and developed a well-balanced team of national defense consisting of its three components—the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves. This is a team, however, without a schedule, and let us hope it will never be called upon to meet an opponent on the field of battle.



National Champions of the Auxiliary. Five times Department of Minnesota winners, the St. Paul East Side Auxiliary Glee Club won top honors in New York City last fall



RUST and scale have accumulated in your radiator all winter. They are choking the delicate veins that circulate water and keep your motor cool. An overheated motor is a lazy motor. And overheating may cause costly damage. Clean out your radiator. It costs only 10c. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.)

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The Battle of the Preachers

(Continued from page 20)

earnestly. The second floor of an abandoned and battle-scarred mill in Sommedieu was the gymnasium. But what were two sets of boxing gloves for sixteen hundred men?

I wondered how many other regiments in the A. E. F. might be in the same predicament. How many other chaplains were scratching their heads to think up amusement and recreation for their homesick men? Why not start a little excitement? I was a good boxer. I admitted it. I could easily whip any man or officer in the regiment and they all knew it. Hadn't I proved it many times back at Camp Doniphan? How many other regiments in France had a chaplain who could box? How many Divisions had chaplains who could hold their own with the gloves? I thought it over for several days. I made some grape-vine inquiries. I wanted to be pretty sure that there were no other chaplains in the whole A. E. F. who were proficient boxers. I decided to put out a challenge.

I wanted to do the thing in style. I would have to have a manager. I chose Captain Richard Wagner of Battery E, and he got busy at once. Since I weighed about 180 pounds at the time and was not in training, my manager and I felt that it would be ungallant to take on any chaplain *under* 160 pounds, so Captain Wagner framed a telegraphic challenge to "any chaplain in the A. E. F., 160 pounds or over." He sent it to *The Stars and Stripes* in Paris.

We little realized what the results might be. Within three days we had an acceptance. Chaplain Rexrode, the late senior chaplain of the 91st Division, wired in words something like this. "I accept your challenge, but if you weigh only 160 pounds, I should hate to box you, for I weigh 174 pounds in fighting trim." "Ha! Ha!" said I. "He misunderstood our challenge." We wired back at once: "We don't care if you weigh a ton. If you're over 160 pounds, we'll take you on." "O.K." came the reply, and we were off.

I began training. We issued a call through the battery commanders for the heaviest, huskiest men in the regiment

to meet at the old mill at 2:30 in the afternoon. Five or six responded every day—ex-professional pugs, would-be professionals, carnival wrestlers, Indian football players. I took them all on—two or three rounds apiece. I told them to show me no mercy—to give me everything they had. Sometimes they gave me plenty.

There was an Indian named Chief Kalama, weight about 180. He was a rare specimen of physical manhood, and along with it had unusual intelligence. He was a born leader. He was a duty-sergeant and his battery commander could depend upon him to control all the Indians in the battery—about eighty in all, from the Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas. Chief Kalama was a crack foot-

head that, when it landed, felt like the business end of a battering ram. One day I forgot to duck, and he landed a heavy one right on my nose. I carry the marks, after nineteen years, in a broken septum—I have never been able to breathe freely through my right nostril since.

Then there was another chap from Topeka, Kansas—a long, lanky fellow with arms like flails. He was a telephone lineman in civilian life, and I think climbing telephone poles had stretched his arms to about twice the length of the ordinary man's. He later won the heavyweight championship of the Division, by the way, in the tournament at Commercy. Bill Gracy was his name, and he fought the Harry Greb style. He would hit you

any place from below the knees to the top of your head—behind your ears, the small of your back, anywhere. I was able to handle Bill fairly well by getting in close to his body. But he gave me plenty of interesting workouts.

Captain Wagner was a good publicity man. Every man in the regiment had a new interest in life. There was now something to live for—something to look forward to besides gloom and delay in going home. Crowds gathered at the afternoon workouts. Evening boxing programs received a great impetus. Men sat in the darkness at night and talked about the coming fight. News reached the Division, fifty miles away. I think even the Quartermaster became interested. News began to come in to the effect that everybody in the A. E. F. hoped to get leave to go to Paris and get a front seat at the Palais de Glace to see the Battle of the Preachers.

There was one incident which did not reach its climax until three years after the war. A day or so after the challenge had been accepted I chance to be in Commercy, headquarters of the 35th Division. I ran into Chaplain

Terry of the 110th Sanitary Train. He said, "Chaplain, I understand you have challenged any chaplain in the A. E. F. to a fight."

"Yes," I said, "any chaplain weighing over 160 pounds."

MR. AMERICAN LEGION MERCHANT . . .

There are 182,964 merchants who are members of The American Legion and regular readers of The American Legion Magazine. This message is addressed to them. Many advertisers whose products you sell regularly advertise in The American Legion Magazine. There are other advertisers whose products you sell who have not yet seen fit to use this publication. Yet as you know, this magazine reaches 3,000,000 members of Legionnaire families who are ideal prospects for their product.

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Advertising Department
THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

ball player, and also excelled in baseball and track and field events. Whenever he showed up for afternoon workouts I always knew that I had a job on my hands. The harder I hit him the harder he would fight, and he had a straight right for the

"Would you take me on?" he said, eying me with an air of complete confidence.

"What's your weight?" I asked.

"155," he replied.

"You're too light; I would take you with my right hand tied behind me," I shot at him, sticking out my chest with an air of superiority.

"Well," said he, "if you feel that sure about yourself, I withdraw."

We both laughed and the conversation shifted. I did not see Chaplain Terry again until three years after the war. He was commandant of a military academy and had written me inviting me to be his first commencement speaker. During the let-down after the program, as we stood talking of war days, the colonel turned to me and said: "Chaplain, do you remember the time I offered to accept your challenge to a boxing match?"

"Yes," I said, "why?"

"Well," said he, "you bluffed me down by telling me you would take me on with one hand tied behind you. Did you know I was really serious? Up to that time I had considered myself a proficient boxer. I could handle most men my weight or five to ten pounds over."

I told him then and there that I was glad I had bluffed him. Knowing Colonel Terry as I later learned to know him, I am sure he would have given me a terrific battle.

News came from Paris to the effect that anticipation and excitement over the impending boxing match was running high. *The Stars and Stripes* carried a featured article dated December 12th. I frankly confess that when I saw that article my heart sank. You see, there were strict orders to the effect that no boxing match under A. E. F. rules was to last over four two-minute rounds. And here was *The Stars and Stripes* saying that we were going to fight ten three-minute rounds!

I long to meet the enterprising reporter of *The Stars and Stripes* who wrote that story. He should be one of the greatest newspaper men in the U. S. A. At any rate he took the cake with that article. It started out something like this: "You have all heard the song 'What It Takes to Make a Preacher Lay His Bible Down'—these two preachers are not only going to lay their Bibles down but they expect to don the leather mitts. They are going to forget such endearing terms as, 'Forgive thine enemy' and 'Turn the other cheek' while they smite each other hip and thigh," and so forth and so on. Even today I should like to put on the gloves with that reporter. I honestly think that article queered the works. I could imagine the Chief of Staff at G. H. Q. or perhaps General Pershing himself reading it on the front page of *The Stars and Stripes* and then saying something like the following: "Two chaplains of the American Army in France engaging in a prize fight for the edification of the men of the A. E. F.! What hath the war wrought?"

Well, anyhow, I kept up strenuous training, made it more strenuous in fact, after that story in *The Stars and Stripes*. If that official A. E. F. paper advertised the fight to be ten three-minute rounds, so be it, so far as I was concerned. I don't know what Chaplain Rexrode thought, but I know what I thought. The funny part of it was, from my standpoint at least, after about three weeks of strenuous training, my weight fell from 180 pounds to 152! And Chaplain Rexrode weighed 174 pounds IN TRIM! There was nothing for me to do but be prepared to take my medicine.

So I proceeded to give all the heavyweights in the regiment all they could stand in the daily workouts—one, two, three, sometimes four. I would wear them down in about two or three rounds apiece, but what did that mean if I was to meet a man weighing 174 pounds and who, we learned through an authentic source, had won the heavyweight championship of his Division at Camp Taylor before the outfit sailed for France? He had knocked out a heavyweight professional in four rounds—so the story ran. The only thing left for me to do was to prepare myself fully, go to Paris the day of the fight, enter the ring, and take and like the consequences.

Well, three days before the fight was to have taken place I received a telegram signed by the Chief of Staff, A. E. F., referring to Entertainment Bulletin No. 1, G. H. Q. I hurried to the regimental office. The sergeant-major was surprised when I demanded in a loud voice to see a copy of Entertainment Bulletin No. 1. He fumbled in the files for a few minutes and then handed me the sheets. Entertainment Bulletin No. 1 was issued shortly after the American troops arrived in France.

It strictly forbade officers to participate in any athletic events, except as judges and referees, such as football, baseball, boxing, wrestling. But after the Armistice, Entertainment Bulletin No. 2 was issued. It read something like this: "Officers are permitted to participate in athletic games, such as baseball, football, basketball, and—" but it did not mention boxing and wrestling. I've often wondered if boxing and wrestling were intentionally left out of Entertainment Bulletin No. 2. Anyhow, they weren't there. And the telegram specifically stated that on the basis of Entertainment Bulletin No. 1 our fight could not take place.

Was I glad? I don't know. Nineteen years have elapsed and for the life of me I cannot recall whether I was happy or sad. I definitely remember a mingled feeling of joy and regret. I never met Chaplain Rexrode in my life, and a recent communication from Legion Department Headquarters in California informs me that he answered the last roll-call nearly five years ago in Sacramento. If his friends kidded him as much as my friends have kidded me, he must have had pleasant memories the rest of his days.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

The Lost Battalion

(Continued from page 23)

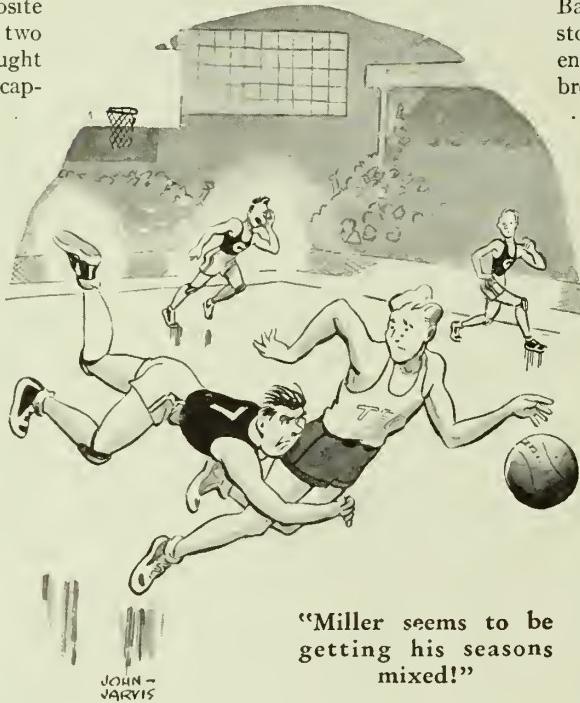
reached von Sybel. The latter called up Corps again and learned that a slide leftward along the whole corps front had been arranged to permit the counter-attack against lost Hill 198. The 252d Regiment would take over La Palette; the 254th would make the attack; and it would be helped by the 122d Landwehr of Army Group Argonne, who would be trying to close the gap from the opposite direction. Once this was done the two American companies (they still thought them no more) would be cut off and captured.

But the I Reserve Corps slide took time, involving as it did a movement begun at the far western limit of its sector. The Landwehr started first, and it seems to have been the regimental stoss-trupp of that organization, coming along the trench-line from the post of the rocks and caves, that chanced on Whittlesey's chain of runner-posts in the darkness before day, shooting or driving out the messengers. But the Landwehr were spread along a wide front, hunting for the main body of the Americans, whom they had not located, hunting for the 254th. They overshot the runner-chain, and occasional messengers continued to work through both to and from Whittlesey till about nine in the morning. The American brigade command was getting these messages, but does not appear to have thought that there was any emergency demanding quick or vigorous action up front.

We know now that if the brigade had taken quick or vigorous action in the early hours, the Lost Battalion would never have been cut off. American accounts invariably date the cut-off during the night; but General Wellmann, Rittmeister Maempel, the German regimental histories, uninvestigated till the present, all agree that throughout the morning of October 3, the gap in their lines was still open. For the Landwehr were old men, few in number; and it was 8:40 before Lieutenant Schulte with his pioneers and Hauptmann Koplow, with the 5th, 9th and 11th Companies of the 254th, started from La Palette across the Devil's Ground and began to climb Hill 198 into the rising sun. Almost immediately they had to halt, take cover, and beat off an attack from their rear by Company E of the 308th, which Whittlesey had dispatched to make liaison. They did beat it off, Hauptmann Koplow getting a First Class Iron Cross for his part in the work, and unhindered by the Americans from the south, joined hands with the 122d Landwehr about noon.

Meanwhile, Von Sybel at 76 R. D.

headquarters had managed to scrape up another battalion of pioneers, the 376th, and sent them to Hauptmann Hansen of the 254th, with orders to find the Americans. "And when you have found them," von Sybel quotes himself, "send up your minenwerfer section and *verpfaster* them." They found them all right, on the steep hillside along the highroad that swings



"Miller seems to be getting his seasons mixed!"

past Charlevaux Mill, and started *verpfastering*; but the Americans were so much stronger than expected in both spirit and numbers that Hansen had to call for artillery support and long range machine-gun help from La Palette, finally breaking off action about noon after a combat which he describes as "*hartnäckig*"—vicious—in tones expressing that it was an unpleasant surprise.

Yet when Von Sybel heard of this he had a fairly clear picture of the situation. Obviously the drive, by the besieged Americans to escape or by their comrades to relieve them, would come along Hill 198. He poured the whole 254th Regiment into that kilometer of trench that yesterday had held only 29 men and rushed up reserve machine guns till there was one for every three meters of front, facing alternately inward and outward. Battalion Kaus of the 252d Regiment was added to the 254th to surround Whittlesey; all the Pioneers joined the besieging force and some of the Landwehr, and constant attacks were ordered, with bombs, snipers, machine guns and the minenwerfer.

The first organized effort to break into the battalion lines came that afternoon and met a stinging repulse—"very violent, their machine-gun fire was" said

Major Hansen's report; but next morning the regular commander of the 254th, Major Hünicken, came back from leave. He had had a personal audience with the Grand Duke of Hesse and read to the troops His Royal Highness' personal thanks for their courage and good countenance. No German mentions the "friendly barrage" that fell on the Lost Battalion that afternoon, but just as it stopped they attacked again, with great enthusiasm, and though they did not break down the battalion, succeeded in capturing two wounded officers with six of their men.

"The Americans have suffered heavy losses; we can hear their wounded groaning," wrote Major Hünicken in the report that went back with the prisoners to 76 R. D. headquarters. They came in just at dinner time; after the meal Von Sybel went over to question them with Hauptmann Bickel, the divisional G-2. The officers turned out to be Lieutenants Harrington and Leak of E Company, and the latter was the first to be questioned. With a convincing air of reluctance, but without batting an eyelash, he informed his captors that Whittlesey had broken through their lines with two full-strength battalions. Sure, they had suffered losses, but there could hardly be less than 1200 sound men remaining in the pocket at present. Ammunition was plentiful and so was food; airplanes had started dropping more of both that afternoon.

Bickel and von Sybel exchanged glances, dismissed their prisoner and questioned the others; they confirmed every word Leak had said. The information was a horrible shock to Von Sybel, who of course could not know that the whole story had been fudged up while the prisoners were being marched back, but it explained a lot of things that had puzzled him. Explained why all the attacks had broken down (Why, there were more Americans in there than attackers!); explained why the besieged Americans had not tried to break out (Why should they? With plenty of food and a good position); explained why none of them had surrendered.

Yes—explained everything, but demanded a complete change in methods. Von Sybel phoned Corps at once and obtained from them the promise of a battalion of special storm-troops, who would be equipped with flame-throwers, heavy bombs and the whole bag of tricks to get rid of this *Amerikanernest*, the presence of which in the lines was cramping the operations of the entire corps. Hansen was recommended for the Order pour le

mérite for having surrounded so huge a body of Americans, which sounded very funny later when they found out how few of them there actually were. Meanwhile, Von Sybel sent down orders to Major Hünicken that further attacks against Whittlesey's men should be limited to movements of just sufficient intensity to keep the Americans in position.

The men of the 254th Regiment had also made a discovery for themselves. They had not been any too happy thus far over the business in which they were engaged; found the Americans "very brave and violent fellows" according to a sergeant quoted by Hansen. Also the 308th contained some German-speaking members who lay in the brush at twilight and shouted insults that roused every man in the opposing lines to fury, such as "Wint betebren!" the significance of which is "You bunch of wind-breakers" a more-than-fighting phrase in German. The morning of the 5th of October brought a change. Quite early someone opened one of the packages dropped by the airplanes that had been whirring along the valley since the previous morning, and discovered that instead of explosives or propaganda its contents were delicious chocolate, conserves, canned meats and cigarettes, such as no one in Germany had seen for four years.

By noon of the 5th each new airplane was being greeted with whoops of delight, and practically all other business was forgotten for the overwhelmingly important one of raiding these joy-bags and swapping for their contents. At La Palette Rittmeister Maempel remembers how a feldwebel knocked down a machine-gunner as he aimed at one of the American machines, growling "Don't shoot them! They're delicatessen-flyers!" Later in the day, when a Hauptmann newly roused from sleep protested about the undisciplined disorder of the search for the packages, an old *gefreiter* named Dünne rapped out that "Such matters as this the company-troop can handle without orders." It seems to have been about this time that the rumor ran through the German lines that one of these airplanes was from the French General Staff with the job of dropping a Commander's cross of the Legion of Honor on Whittlesey.

The idyllic picture of a siege in which plenty dropped impartially from the skies on besiegers and beleaguered alike was interrupted on the next day, the 6th. The I Reserve Corps received orders for a general retreat as the result of the operation of the American First Division on the Aire, east of the forest. General Wellmann asked for a few days more and a battalion of storm-troop specialists (he had none of his own) to destroy or capture the *Amerikanernest*; the high command gave him 36 hours and promised the battalion, but urged hurry. At the same time it seems to have occurred to someone at Wellmann's headquarters that Whittlesey's men were behaving in a manner decidedly peculiar for so large an organization and the American expert, Lieutenant Fritz Prinz, was summoned to Buzancy for a renewed questioning of Leak and Harrington.

Prinz had been a successful salesman in Spokane before the war; knew how to put himself over, was smart and a good cross-examiner. He never let on to the two lieutenants, but his questioning of them appears to have convinced him and through him, the corps staff, that they were the biggest liars since Ananias, and instead of having two full battalions Major Whittlesey had actually less than one. That meant that nearly 48 hours had been wasted just keeping the Americans quiet and beating off relief attacks, when they might easily have been mopped up.

The defense against the relieving attacks had certainly been hot enough work all along—"renewed heavy attacks," "fierce efforts," "we lost two machine guns," such phrases stud the German reports, and Lieutenant Jochem of the 1st Company, 254th, got a 1st Class Iron Cross for his work, with 20 Second Class for his men, and a personal citation from General von Einem, the high army commander. The question was how to take enough men from this work to wipe out the Lost Battalion. Lieutenant Prinz went to the front, where he found that two flame-throwers had arrived, but not the storm-battalion. However, these instruments were the last word in *schrecklichkeit*; so a prodigious attack was

(Continued on page 58)

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The Lost Battalion

(Continued from page 57)

arranged for the afternoon, with the flame-throwers and a new battalion of the 252d, Battalion Klemm, to help the 254th. The surge lasted through a long afternoon. "We won some ground, took nine prisoners, all wounded, with one heavy and two light machine guns" said the divisional night report, but it did not tell that the losses were heavy and both flame-thrower bearers killed.

That night more emphatic orders for the retreat of the corps came down the line, and there was also a liaison officer from the 122d Landwehr to say his regiment was pulling out at once. This would leave the left wing of the 254th in an extremely perilous position if they clung to their lines around the besieged Americans; but the storm-battalion was reported on the way, there were more *flammenwerfer* coming with them, and one of the wounded prisoners said there were not over 100 men left in the pocket, with one major and one lieutenant.

Actually, this reasonable story was as much of a phoney as Leak's, for there were 250 left including many wounded still full of fight. But the Germans accepted it, reckoned that the Amerikaner could be wiped out in one more daylight attack, and secured permission to hang on for another day and try it.

Early the next morning, the 7th, some eight men under a sergeant of the besieged group attempted to break through the lines. Four were captured and carried to Lieutenant Prinz. From them he learned to his astonishment that the Americans expected to be shot if they surrendered; he wrote a letter to the American commander, representing the hopelessness of the battalion's position, suggesting an honorable surrender, and persuaded one of the prisoners (Private Lowell R. Hollingshead) to carry it in.

By this time noon had passed. There was no answer to the letter; meanwhile,

the Landwehr reported they were being so heavily attacked in front and flank they could no longer stay, while the storm-battalion had arrived at last, and to the bitter disappointment of Major Hünicken, was found to consist of just 16 men. But they offered the last chance, and in the hope that they would succeed, they were made the spearhead of the final and most furious assault of all, while some of the machine guns from Hill 198 came down to lay a special concentration on the pocket where the Americans were holding out.

Nowhere did the attack gain an inch. The thick trees and underbrush hampered the bombers and they were simply shot down. One of the flame-throwers was blown up, and at the left of the American position, to the utter surprise of their enemies they actually made a counter-attack that cost the life of Lieutenant Metternich and several men.

As the night closed in American elements of the 307th from the east of Hill 198 began to filter through the gap the Landwehr had left. The 254th slowly and reluctantly retreated, leaving free what was left of the command. General von Einem issued a special order of the day praising the 254th, and especially its Third and First Companies, for the manner in which they had beaten off the relieving attacks during that tense week. Nor were these brave men slow to recognize the same quality in those they had besieged. "Let all men note," said General Wellmann, "the spectacle of the high soldierly courage of these surrounded Americans," and Major Hünicken echoed him with "The bearing of these troops was above all praise, as even we, their enemies, must willingly admit." Only the Landwehr have little to say. "The war is over," replied one of their officers to our letter, "and what the hell were the Americans doing in it anyway?"

It Was Horses for Me

(Continued from page 1)

myself; and the animals had got so confused that two men were required just to count them.

I was reminded of an incident in the military life of a friend of mine named Ellis. He had been a fellow private in the Second Cavalry during our training days at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, four miles east of Burlington.

Ellis's troop went for a several days' hike from the base. Each night the horses were tied side by side to a long line, and a guard placed over them. At two-hour intervals, when the picket was changed, the officer in charge counted the animals to be sure all were there.

Ellis took his turn of duty. When relief approached at 2 A. M., he was asked, "How many mounts on your line?"

"Eighty-five," Ellis answered promptly.

The officer and his relieving picket proceeded to check the figure. Some of the animals were standing, some resting on the ground. My friend saw the men walk down the line, counting rear-elevations, and disappear into the gloom. A few minutes later they were back, rechecking the figure. They stopped for an instant of conversation—then once more faded from sight, tallying. Ellis could follow their muffled voices as far as "forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven . . ."

When they returned the officer called Ellis.

"You count 'em," he said. "See if your figure agrees with ours."

Ellis totaled eighty-six.

"So did we," said the officer. "Most remarkable thing I ever saw. I've heard of animals being lost or straying away from a picket-line, but I never heard of one joining it voluntarily."

He sent to field headquarters for verification of the number. Eighty-five head composed the group.

"There's only one explanation," the lieutenant suggested. "Some other troop in the field has lost a horse."

The matter was reported at once. The night's encampment awoke. A count of every horse in every troop was ordered. Every roster checked save Ellis's—which continued to show a spare.

Here was a situation not covered by the rules. Even the major was at a loss what to do. All the officers on the expedition were called into conference. They sat there debating until daybreak. Then, having adopted a plan, they awakened every man in the field and had him stand by his mount. They surveyed the result; and amid mysterious tittering from privates, found one animal on Ellis's line unclaimed.

"Whose mount is that?" cried the lieutenant, pointing to the unattached beast.

"I think it belongs to the dairyman, sir," volunteered Ellis. He had discovered what the dawn revealed—that the intruding animal was a cow.

I WAS not yet sixteen years old when, less than a week after the United States declared war, I told the recruiting officer at Birmingham, Alabama, that I

wanted to join the cavalry. To this day I cannot say what prompted the choice. I didn't know a forelock from a fetlock. I had never ridden a horse in my life; nor have I done so since my discharge in July, 1919. The now familiar story about the colored brother who declined to join the cavalry because, when he got ready to run, he didn't want to have to wait for any horse, had not yet been invented.

Possibly the ancient glamor of this arm of the service led to my preference. Certainly tales of Morgan and Stuart and other Confederate leaders had stirred me ever since childhood. I quickly learned, however, that the "glamor" existed chiefly on paper. At Ethan Allen, to which I was sent within a month of my enlistment, romance gave place to hard work.

First we were taught how to take care of horses—the proper rations, the time for feeding and watering, approved methods of currying and doing general chambermaid work about the stables. Then mounts were allotted us. I drew a fine brown gelding with a white star on his forehead. His name, Sugar, seemed to me unmilitary. I thought it would be fun to have an officer under me, so I changed his name to Major.

Each day I placed a bit in his mouth and a bridle about his head, slung a blanket across his back, fastened it with a surcingle, and led him out to the bull pen. Here for hours at a time we beginners were required to ride 'round and 'round at a slow trot. We had not yet acquired saddles. We were merely getting used to the motion of the horse and the means of mastering him. The horse, for his part, seemed bent on paining every muscle in our bodies. During the first week or so we

(Continued on page 60)

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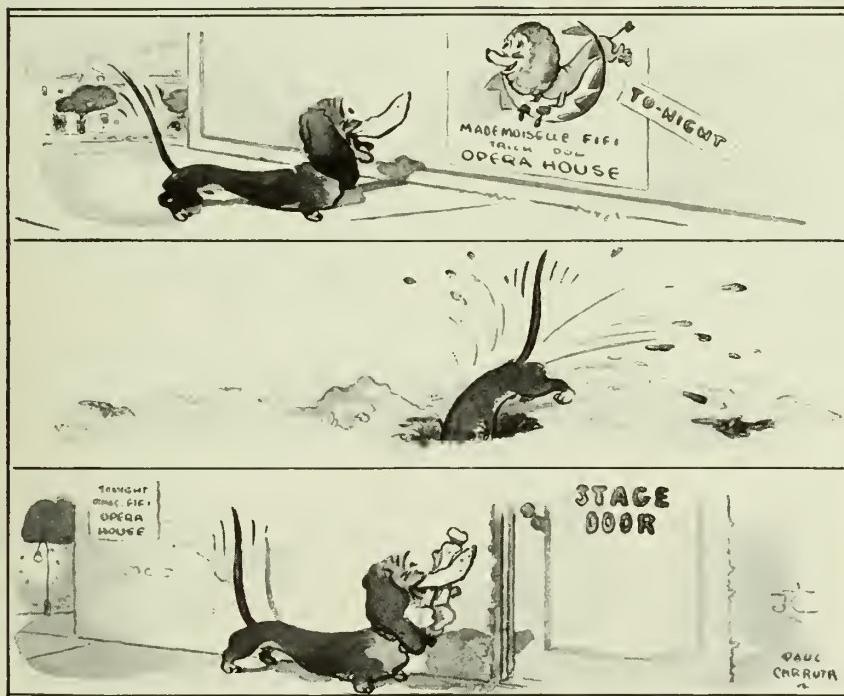
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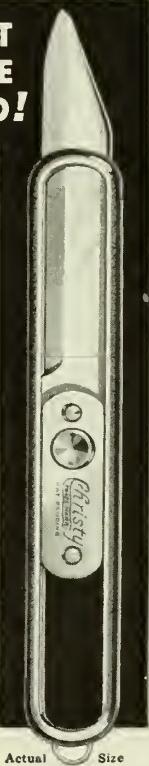
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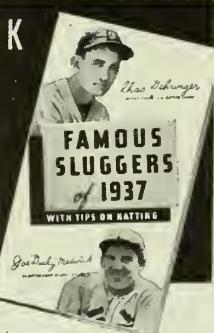
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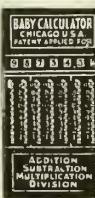
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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
January 31, 1938

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$686,111.79
Notes and accounts receivable	58,117.73
Inventories	111,145.57
Invested funds	1,560,763.30
Permanent Investments:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	197,105.32	
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	126,597.62	
Furniture, Fixtures and Equipment, less depreciation	32,535.00	
Deferred Charges	25,634.66
		\$2,798,010.99

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current Liabilities	\$61,546.08
Funds Restricted as to use	24,300.20
Deferred Revenue	479,706.61
Contingent Liability	3,676.72
Permanent Trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	197,105.32
Net Worth:		
Restricted Capital	\$1,561,378.38
Unrestricted Capital	470,297.68
		\$2,031,676.06
		\$2,798,010.99

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

It Was Horses for Me

(Continued from page 59)

suffered the conventional beginners' sorenesses, swapped the conventional bitter jokes about our inability to eat mess off the mantelpiece because there were no mantelpieces in the enlisted men's hall. We were not permitted to relax training because of aching thighs or blistered loins.

As we acquired proficiency our lessons grew more complicated. We got saddles. We were taught various paces. We learned that in trotting the rider should lean slightly forward and rise with the action of the horse; in cantering he should sit upright, keeping the loins supple, gripping with the knee and thigh and leaving the lower leg almost vertical; in galloping he should lean slightly forward again, shorten the reins, stand up in the stirrups and increase the knee-grip. We found that best results were obtained by keeping only light contact with the horse's mouth.

We rode through bridle-paths surrounding the fort, and often found the woods strewn with men who had been thrown or had fallen off. We began to do trick maneuvers. We jumped hurdles and ravines, slid down banks, scaled almost perpendicular hills. We drilled with sabres, slashing their blades across unoffending dummies, and fired our Colts at moving targets as we sped across the range.

Endlessly we practised mounting and dismounting. On one day a lieutenant grew too enthusiastic at this sport. Instead of coming down in the seat as he vaulted to the saddle, he leaped completely over his horse and descended to the ground on the other side. His face as he alighted was something we tried to imitate for weeks afterwards.

During this summer and the following winter (when much of our training took place in a huge riding-hall) the fort was lively with anecdotes, chiefly about rookies.

There was the newly-arrived captain, descendant of a long line of fox-hunting Virginians. On his first canter about the grounds his girth came loose; and instead of slipping to the side, as is usual in accidents of this sort, the saddle, with himself still in its seat, jostled off across the horse's rump and left him deep in a mud-puddle, his saddle still beneath him, his legs folded neatly under. The incident occurred just as a visiting general was passing. It did not add to our prestige.

Accidents of course were frequent. Our sergeant had both legs broken when his horse suddenly shied at a seven-foot hurdle; and twice I myself suffered ripped leggings and split legs from Major's unexpected jabs with his iron-shod hoof. Later, at Le Valdahon, my nose was broken by the kick of a mule; and on another occasion there I grew so incensed

at the vicious temper of a small mule named Reindeer that I forgot myself and jabbed at him with a pitchfork. A corporal saw me, and I did the penance required.

When our organization was completed, I was put into the Machine Gun Troop. Our guns and ammunition were carried on mules that we led from horseback; and constantly we were reminded that the pack-animals were of paramount importance and we were under no conditions to let go their leading-strings. In more than one drill I was jerked from my mount by my mule's sudden decision to call it a day and go home. Needless to say, these abrupt falls were scarcely pleasant.

Most of this training, I was to learn, would be of little help to me in France. Our animals stayed behind when we sailed aboard the *Martha Washington* from Hoboken, in March, 1918; and the Second Cavalry was broken up on its arrival at Paulliac. Some of the Troops were to see action in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, others at St. Mihiel, the Aisne-Marne, the Oise-Aisne and in Lorraine. But my own unit, the Machine Gun Troop, moved up by easy stages to the remount station at Le Valdahon.

There we found about five thousand horses and mules destined for service with American troops; and we were given the job of taking care of them and shipping them, as they were needed, to the zone of action. We exercised them, kept them and their stables in condition, doctored them when they were sick and buried them when they died.

Somewhat later, at Gièvres, I found the problem of equine mortality solved in a way that sounds today like a page out of Hemingway. To Gièvres many gassed and wounded horses were shipped from the front.

At some distance from the stables, a long and fairly deep ravine ran through the fields. When a horse or mule died, its carcass would be brought to the brink of this depression. Expert skinners would remove the hide, the carcass was toppled into the ravine and a heavy layer of dirt shoveled over it.

ACCORDING to military experts, the day of the cavalry in warfare has passed. At the beginning of the World War most of the allied nations rushed mounted troops to the front. Russian railways alone became so congested with the transport of forage that great difficulty arose in supplying food for the soldiers. Yet, although Ludendorff attributed his failure on the Western Front to lack of cavalry, authorities on both sides soon found that this branch of the service was of little value in the static type of combat that developed.

The House the Legion Built

(Continued from page 33)

Whitehead and his Post accomplished can be done by others; all it takes is a clear vision, an up-and-going organization and a lot of elbow grease.

The completed mound is sixty-five feet in length, forty-five feet across the ends and is eighteen feet high, with a three foot stone base wall. Dirt for the mound was secured by a bit of face-lifting near the site and by leveling off many of the bumps and irregularities on Legion Hill. Inside the mound, in a hermetically sealed vault of concrete and copper, rest the names of 4,365 men of the McKeesport district who have served the nation in time of war from 1775 down to 1918, together with other records. The antiquarian of the future who digs into this mound will not be left in so much fog and doubt as those of today who try to lift the veil and peek into the affairs of the Mound Builders.

According to the report of John J. Rule, post publicist, Burt Foster Post enlisted the support of other veteran and patriotic organizations, all of which are remembered in memorial plaques. As more and more funds were needed to complete the work, the Post succeeded in having the memorial designated as a minor WPA project and got much needed assistance from that source; then the City Council helped out in many ways, in direct appropriation, building roads and landscaping. There is yet much to be done, but the big dream of Chaplain Whitehead will carry itself through on its own momentum. To top it off, according to the publicist, the dedication of the big mound was attended by the biggest patriotic demonstration and celebration McKeesport has ever seen.

Books for the Blind

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by Watson B. Miller, the Legion's National Rehabilitation Director, there are 1,556 totally blind veterans in the United States, and the total number of blind persons is in excess of 100,000, perhaps running as high as 120,000. It is to reach these veterans who are denied the blessing of sight that Santa Barbara (California) Post is bending its best efforts and has developed a program of transcribing books and magazines in Braille for free distribution to centers where the publications can be reached by the greatest number. Watson Miller's investigation leads him to believe that at least twenty-five percent of the totally blind can read Braille, and that the service recently inaugurated by Santa Barbara Post will be of great help not only to this class, but to the several hundred other veterans who are slowly but surely losing their sight, who are now rated as partially blind.

APRIL, 1938

Post Service Officer Sidney A. McFarland writes that the Santa Barbara project has been carried on by three transcribers, Jerry Mitchell, Archie Bates and Ed Hollister, who are entitled to all the credit. The Post is very much interested in the project and its successful operation over a period of several months has convinced them that it is worthy of adoption as a national program. One of the first pieces of Braille transcription was the entire November number of The American Legion Magazine, comprising more than 300 pages. Stories from the magazine written by Leonard Nason, Elsie Janis, Peter B. Kyne, Rud Rennie, Barron C. Watson and others, running up to a grand total of 722 pages, were transcribed during the months of December and January and sent to the United States Veterans Facility at Sawtelle, California, and the California Soldiers' Home at Yountville. A Christmas card of thirty-four pages, bearing a message from all veterans' organizations, was prepared and sent to the sightless veterans.

Santa Barbara Post has two Braille machines and is planning to purchase another one. All of the work has been done by volunteers under the direction of Comrades Mitchell and Bates; paper and other supplies have been furnished by volunteer contributors and by the Post. Service Officer McFarland, who is a member of the California Rehabilitation Committee, has suggested that Braille printing for war veteran blind be made a California project. Others, who have become familiar with the work of Santa Barbara Post, believe the work should be undertaken as a national program.

Posed for "America"

MOST Legionnaires, at least those who have visited National Headquarters at Indianapolis, are familiar with Leon Reni-Mel's great painting, "America," which occupies the place of honor in the council chamber. It is a striking creation; a strong, stalwart American doughboy supports a fainting Poilu with his left hand and arm, and with his right uplifted signals halt. The doughboy breathes defiance and determination. It is an artist's conception of America's aid to prostrate France in her hour of greatest need.

But what most people who look upon the picture do not sense is that the American doughboy was a real American, just as he is seen in the painting. And further, what is not generally known, that doughboy has since the organization of the Legion been active in its work and has held nearly every office in his Post. The man who posed for "America," is George L. Fisher, now serving as Chaplain of Joseph (Continued on page 62)

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The House the Legion Built

(Continued from page 61)

M. Fournier Post of St. Louis, Missouri.

M. Reni-Mel, who served his country in the ranks during the World War, returned to his studio in Paris after the Armistice with a vision of a great painting—America in France. As his creation took form in his own brain, he set about to find a model who measured up to his conception, and for this honor selected Sergeant George L. Fisher, 128th Field Artillery, 35th Division, then in Paris on detached service. For eight weeks the sergeant gave his service to the artist, posing and assisting in the detail work.

The painting was exhibited in Paris in 1920 and 1921 and received several awards; an engraving was made and copies spread all over the world. Then, early in 1922, the artist, who had been designated a painter to the French Ministry of War and president Du Centre d'Art Français, presented "America" to The American Legion through the Ministry of War. The ceremony of presentation was attended by many notables, including Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, Marshal Foch and General Nivelle. "America" has been exhibited at National Headquarters since 1922 and has been reproduced many times. It was used as a cover picture for The American Legion Weekly for the issue dated July 14, 1922.

Speaking of Records

THE Legion is just chock-full of four star members—men who have now or have had cards issued consecutively

since 1919—but the greatest number reported to the Step Keeper holding membership in one Post comes from Omaha (Nebraska) Post, where record breaking is taken in stride . . . Omaha Post stands at the top in the national organization with a membership of 2,519 in 1937. It now has 242 on its 1938 roll who hold twenty-year membership cards, with more to come . . . Let's look at this one. It is a high ranker for persistency. Undismayed because of eight rejections because of defective vision, Walter G. Burke, now commanding James Fitzgerald Post of Augusta, Maine, got into military service and won eligibility to Legion membership on his ninth trial. He was then inducted by special order and sent to Camp Devens for service. Can any one trump it? . . . Out in Iowa another record is being made. Mrs. Dorothy McGarry, of Victor—World War nurse with service at Fort Riley and Camp Funston—is serving her second term as County Commander of Iowa County. Commander McGarry, who is a Past Post Commander, has five Posts in her county, at Victor, Ladora, Marengo, Williamsburg and North English . . . Then, there is that hard-hitting Adjutant of Fred H. Sexton Post of Florence, South Carolina. His Commander reports that the Post exceeded its quota before Armistice Day and that, of the 255 members reported, 186 were recruited through the personal efforts of Adjutant Grover C. Hinds.

BOYD B. STUTLER

A Corner in Horsehide

(Continued from page 36)

hadn't been located before. I recall the guide said she lived outside of the city and possibly in the excitement of the moment, no parish record was made."

And now for an extract from the letter that Comrade Morrow received from Robert Trocmé of 134 Boulevard Gambetta, St. Quentin, France:

"Nine years ago, on February 27, 1928, you wrote to the Mayor of my town a very kind letter in which you enclosed a photograph taken by you in the entrance of our cathedral church, and asked him to have the photo handed over to the grandmother of the little boy who had just been baptized—the occasion for the picture.

"As the name of the grandmother was not known to any officials in the town hall, but as I was very recognizable in the group, they sent the picture to me, asking me to fulfill your desire. I was unable to trace the grandmother and so put your letter back with some disappointment.

"Now, nearly ten years after, came to me last week an old woman in rather down-hearted spirit, asking if I remembered that I had helped her in the time past to have her grandson baptized with the assistance of an American 'parrain et marraine,' explaining that she had several times tried to give them news of the child, but received no reply.

"After her departure, I remembered the incident of your letter and looking among old papers, was so lucky as to find it. The grandmother has kept to this day a little piece of paper bearing the names of the two godparents, Jack Crowley, of New York, and Rose Benevato . . .

"I wondered if through the assistance of The American Legion, it may be possible for you to trace them.

"I send you my best greetings of a former companion at arms."

And there's the story. Wonder if there will be a sequel?

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

There will be if the sponsors or those who attended the christening will write to this department.

MORE and more outfits are announcing plans for reunions during the Legion National Convention in Los Angeles, September 19th to 22d, and Los Angeles is prepared to take care of as many as may decide to meet there. Adolph N. Sutro is Reunions Chairman. When you report your reunion to him at 324 Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles, California, report also to the Legion Magazine so announcement may be listed herein.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Annual meeting and reunion. Miss Philomen L. Cavanagh, 10743 Westminster av., Palms Sta., Los Angeles.

5TH ARMY CORPS HQ. AND TROOPS—Reunion and permanent organization. Wm. A. Barry 1608 N. Genesee st., Los Angeles.

4TH DIV. ASSOC.—National reunion. Lewie W. Smith, chmn., 4517 Marmon Way, Los Angeles.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—West Coast reunion. Earl Sheeley, secy., 723 No Avenue 51, Los Angeles.

6TH DIV. ASSOC.—National reunion and dinner under auspices Sector 1. R. E. Moran, secy., 506 N. Spaulding av., Los Angeles.

32D DIV. COMBAT ASSOC.—Reunion and banquet. Chas. Keskey, secy., 1309 N. Wesley av., Pasadena, Calif.

35TH DIV.—National reunion and dinner under auspices 35th Div. Assoc. of So. Calif. Cecil H. Hill, secy., 828 N. Detroit st., Los Angeles.

82D DIV.—Reunion under auspices 82d Div. Assoc. of Calif. Write to Paul W. Tilley, 1121½ W. 88th st., or N. B. Watkins, 6834 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

89TH DIV.—Reunion and banquet under auspices 89th Div. Soc. of Calif. Sidney M. Schallman, publ. dir., 910 S. Mariposa, Los Angeles.

HAWAIIAN DIV.—Reunion of all Hawaiian vets. G. F. Sanders, Wheeling, Mo. 92n & 93d DIV., 16TH PROV. TRNG. REG. (Ft. Des Moines)—Reunions of officers. Dennis McG. Matthews, 511S Latham st., Los Angeles.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. James A. Fleming, reunion chmn., 5189 Almont st., Los Angeles. Send for copy bi-monthly *News* to Carroll E. Scott, comdr.-editor, 54 College av., Medford, Mass.

20TH ENGRS. (FORESTRY)—Proposed reunion and permanent organization. Jack Coskey, 5370 W. Adams, Los Angeles.

66TH ENGRS. (R.V.), later Cos. 72 to 77, 20TH GRAND DIV., T.C.—Proposed reunion. Clyde V. Grant, 2228 22d st., Santa Monica, Calif.

11TH CAV. M. G. TROOP AND TROOPS A, B, C AND D—Reunion. W. C. Weinberger, P. O., Colton, Calif.

9TH F. A. (FT. SILL)—Reunion. Milton Harris, Box 16, Bishop, Calif., or Martin F. Shakely, Wm. Garland bldg., Los Angeles.

1ST F. A., BTRY. A—Reunion and permanent organization. Maj. John O. Hoskins, N. G. Armory, Stockton, Calif., or Harry B. Price, 831 Crossway rd., Burlingame, Calif.

3D CORPS ART. PARK—Proposed reunion. John W. Miller, Casino bldg., Narragansett, R. I.

TANK CORPS—National reunion under auspices World War Tank Corps Assoc. of Calif. Claude J. Harris, adjt.-finance offcr., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles.

113TH & 332D FIELD SIG. BNS.—Vets interested in convention reunion, write to Warren H. Abbott, 2626 S. Mansfield av., Los Angeles, Calif.

116TH SAN. TRN. HQ. CO.—Reunion. Harley E. Shoaf, 206 S. Walnut st., New Castle, Pa.

115TH SUP. TRN. CO. C—Reunion. H. O. Williams, 2226 Cloverdale, Los Angeles, or Geo Geffroy, Garden City Brewery, San Jose, Calif.

305TH SUP. CO., Q.M.C.—Reunion. L. Shank, Int. Revenue office, 933 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

AIR SERV., DORR AND CARLSTROM FIELD, FLA., AND DORR FIELD MASONIC CLUB—Reunion. Leo Mayer, care Mayer Bros., Montrose, Calif.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS—Annual reunion. Richard D. Bowman, personnel officer, 44 Boone st., Glenolden, Pa.

139TH AERO SQDRN., 2D PURSUIT GROUP—Proposed reunion. Wm. F. Bride, 4306 Stillwell av., Los Angeles.

BASE HOSP. 117—Proposed reunion, officers, nurses, enlisted men. Mrs. Emma J. Pearce Preston, 424 W. Elm st., Compton, Calif.

EVAC. HOSP. 14—Annual reunion. J. Charles Meloy, pres., New Milford, Conn., or Ernest O. Bianco, secy.-treas., Elmsford, N. Y.

U. S. S. ILLINOIS WORLD WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. John F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVAL AIR STA., ARCACHON—Reunion. E. J. Oerter, 2516 W. 73d st., Los Angeles.

NAVAL AIR STA., GUJAN MESTRAS, FRANCE—

National reunion. Joe Madden, adjt., San Bruno (Calif.) Post, 305 Euclid av., San Bruno.

VETS. A.E.F. SIBERIA—Natl. reunion, Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, Hollywood, Calif., Sept. 19, during Legion natl. conv. Claude P. Deal, 920 Chester Williams bldg., Los Angeles.

INF. C.O.T.S., CAMP GORDON, 1918 and 2D & 3n O.T.S., FT. OGLETORPE—Reunion. Haskell C. Billings, 1616 Berkeley way, Berkeley, Calif.

U. S. A. PANAMA CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion. To include units of 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., C. A. C., F. A., Cav. units, M. P., Q.M.C. and all units in Zone during World War. Louis J. Gilbert, care Federal Supply Co., 47 Godwin st., Paterson, N. J.

CAMP HOSP. NO. 43, GIÈVRES, FRANCE—Proposed reunion. Ray A. McKinnie, Box 3465, Phoenix, Ariz.

Notices of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

2n DIV. ASSOC.—20th anniversary convention and reunion, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16. Geo. V. Gordon, chmn., 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

SOC. OF 3D DIV.—Annual national reunion, Hotel Chelsea, Atlantic City, N. J., July 7-9. Write Chas. P. McCarthy, secy., Box 137, Camden, N. J. for copy *The Watch on the Rhine*.

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Natl. reunion, Lancaster Pa., Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—Annual convention, Sunbury, Pa., July 14-16. Harry J. Ritter, secy.-treas., Senate Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Blue and Gray annual reunion, Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 2-5. J. Fred Chase, natl. comdr., 1427 Eye st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

32D DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 3-5. William Haze, v. p., Box E, Pantlind Hotel, Grand Rapids.

37TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. Write Jas. E. Sterner, asst. secy., 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio, for copy *News*.

RAINBOW (42D) DIV. VETS.—Natl. reunion, St. Paul, Minn., July 12-14. Write Sharon C. Cover, natl. secy., 4645 Nottingham rd., Detroit, Mich., for copy *Rainbow Reveille*.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Spring dance, Hotel Roosevelt, 45th & Madison, New York City, Sat., Apr. 23. Write 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Spring reunion, Top Hat Restaurant, 32d st. & Boulevard, Union City, N. J., Apr. 30. Ray Taylor, Box 482, Closter, N. J.

WAR SOC. OF 89TH DIV.—Reorganization and proposed Mid-West reunion in early fall. No dues. Chas. S. Stevenson, secy., 2505 Grand Kansas City, Mo.

1ST N. J. INF. POST—19th annual dinner dance and reunion, Elks Ball Room, 929 Broad st., Newark, N. J., Sat., Apr. 9. Past Comdr. Christian Clusman, chmn., 179 Myrtle av., Irvington, N. J.

18TH U. S. INF. ASSOC.—To complete roster of 1917-19 vets, write to A. B. Cushing, secy.-treas., Box 1771, El Paso, Tex.

36TH INF. CLUB—To complete roster, vets are asked to report to Harry Berg, secy., 3139 15th av., S. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SOC. OF 48TH INF.—Reunion, Newport News, Va., June 10-11. No dues. Harry McBride, comdr., 30th st. & Washington av., Newport News.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 3-5. Roy D. Peters, 441 E. Orange st., Lancaster.

146TH INF. VETS.—Spring reunion, Wooster, Ohio. Harry W. Evans, 363 Beverly rd., Wooster.

312TH INF. ASSOC.—Reunion, Hotel Essex, Newark, N. J., Sat., May 21. Write 312th Inf. Assoc., 620 High st., Newark.

128TH INF. CO. M.—Reunion, May 28-30. Floyd J. Mabie, secy.-treas., 1414 Racine st., Janesville, Wis.

137TH INF. CO. A.—Reunion, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kans., Sat., Apr. 9. Harry Abrams, 450 Minnesota av., Kansas City, Kans.

140TH INF. CO. I.—Reunion of newly organized Co. I. Club, Kennett, Mo., Sept. 4. L. E. Wilson, pres., 5908 Park av., Kansas City, Mo.

308TH INF. CO. K.—Reunion dinner, Great Northern Hotel, 118 W. 57th st., New York City, Sat., Apr. 23. Simon Reiss, 105 Bennett av., New York City.

6TH ILL. INF. AND 123D F. A.—Annual meeting K. L. & E. Last Man's Club, Rock Island, Ill., Apr. 3. C. W. Hartzell, chmn., 1119 S. Chicago av., Freeport, Ill.

310TH M. G. BN.—Reunion of all vets, Camp Meade, Md., June 18-19. Arthur S. Anders, chmn., 46 W. Saucon st., Hellertown, Pa.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Scranton, Pa., in Sept. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 6140 Saunders st., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

76TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 7-9, with 3d Div. Wm. A. Shomaker, secy., 3811 25th pl. n. E., Washington, D. C.

120TH F. A.—For regimental Who's Who, send name and address to Tom J. Fallon, 759 N. Plankinton av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

301ST F. A.—Proposed reunion, Thos. L. Thistle, comdr., 30 State st., Boston, Mass.

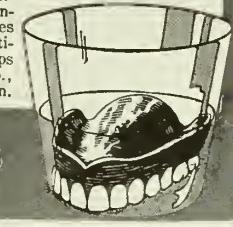
332D F. A. BAND—Annual reunion banquet, Chicago, Ill., June 4. Geo. E. Kaplanek, 1023 N. LaSalle av., Chicago.

42D C. A. C.—Proposed organization and reunion. R. R. Jacobs, 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Put plates and bridges in water with a little Stera-Kleen. Leave while dressing, or overnight. Rinse. That's all. Stera-Kleen is the original powder—developed by a dentist just to clean false teeth without brushing. Cleans crevices brushing doesn't reach. Safe, thorough. Daily use removes stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Made by the makers of Staze. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get Stera-Kleen from your druggist today. Money back if not delighted. Don't risk ruining your dentures by accepting substitutes. The Phillips & Benjamin Co., Waterbury, Conn.



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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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FOOT ITCH ATHLETE'S FOOT

*Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until
Relieved*

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us \$1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
860 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

AL

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you \$1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

A Corner in Horsehide

(Continued from page 63)

21ST F. A., BTRY. C—Vets wanting copy of btry. picture taken at Camp McArthur, write to R. E. Hofland, 204 E. 3d av., Spokane, Wash.

52d F. A., Hq. Co. & BTRY. D—Proposed organization. Thos. D. Hanley, 13 McDonald rd., Albany, N. Y.

64TH C. A. C., BTRIES. D & E—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, in June. T. E. Watson, 605 Odgen av., Toledo, Ohio.

72d C. A. C., BTRY. D—1st reunion on 20th anniversary, Chicago, Ill., Apr. 2. Jos. C. Horsch, 7216 S. Hermitage av., Chicago.

6TH PROV. REGT. C.A.C.—Reunion, Portland, Maine, week of Apr. 3. Write to Harrison R. An-

John T. Feeley, 326 Bainbridge st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
318TH SUP. CO., QMC—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 30 or Aug. 6. State date preference in letter to Wm. (Speed) Leckie, R. I., Wantagh, L. I., N. Y.
RAILHEAD DET., SOULLY—Proposed letter re-union. Louis C. Schulte, 813 Mercantile Trust bldg., Baltimore, Md.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Per-
manent organization. Geo W. Nichols, R. 3, Box
75, Kingston, N. Y.

YEOMEN F.—Local reunion dinner, New York
City, in May, under auspices National Yeomen
F. Mrs. Mary R. Halwartz, chairman of reunion
comm., 334 W. Merrick rd., Freeport, L. I., N. Y.



THE SALUTING
DEMON OF THE
A.E.F. COULD
ALSO BE VERY
GALLANT WHEN
THE OCCASION
WARRANTED.

drews, 198 Haskell street, Westbrook, Maine.

1ST PIONEER INF. & 1ST N. Y. INF., N. G.—Pro-
posed reunion, Ray Driscoll, secy., 78 Genesee st.,
New Hartford, N. Y.

51ST PIONEER INF.—15th annual regt. assoc. re-
union, 10th Inf. Armory, Albany, N. Y., Sun., Sept.
11. Otto Rauch, gen. chmn., 186 Adams st., Delmar,
N. Y.

315TH M. G. BN.—Proposed permanent organiza-
tion. Robt. H. Heymann, 922 Fordham av.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

313TH F. BN.—For roster, write Dr. Chas. L.
Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (R.Y.)—Reunion, Hotel
Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 17-19. James
A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock,
Ark.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (R.Y.)—For roster, vets. in
East report to B. H. Brooks, 2240 Liberty st., Tren-
ton, N. J.

15TH U. S. ENGRS., CO. D—Reunion, Fort Pitt
Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Apr. 30. R. L. Knight,
chmn., 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6).

VETS. 31ST R.Y. ENGRS.—Reunion, Hot Springs,
Ark., July 2-4. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First
St., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

61ST R.Y. ENGRS. (57, 58 & 59 R.T.C.)—Reunion,
Milwaukee, July 16-17. Edward M. Soboda, 1617
W. Hopkins st., Milwaukee, Wis.

35TH-801ST AERO SQDRN. CLUB—7th annual
joint reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 3-5. F. C.
Erhardt, 1256 E. LaSalle av., South Bend, Ind., or
D. K. Mitchell, 1712 Jerome st., Lansing, Mich.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Washington,
D. C., Sept. 3-6. J. Howard Hill, secy., 1205
First Central Tower, Akron, Ohio.

150TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and
reunion of all vets. Floyd W. Freeman, 22 Park av.,
Cranford, N. J.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd
Perhan, Lake Side, Mich.

374TH AERO SQDRN.—To complete roster, write
to Joseph A. Brady, 577 N. 26th st., E. St. Louis,
Ill.

AIR SERV., ESSINGTON, PA. & LAKE CHARLES,
LA.—19th annual reunion, Essington, Pa., in May.
Samuel H. Paul, 540 E. Gravers Lane, Chestnut
Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

102D AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed organization and
reunion. Frank V. Baldwin, Jr., 1411 Broadway,
New York City.

311TH SUP. TRN.—6th annual reunion, Chicago,
Ill., Sat., Apr. 30. W. P. McConnell, 2644 W. 122d
pl., Blue Island, Ill.

421ST MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Proposed reunion din-
ner, Scranton, Pa., Aug. 18-20, during Legion Dept.
Convention. A. E. Zoeller, 368 Scott st., Wilkes
Barre, Pa.

439TH SUP. TRN., CO. C—For roster, report to

U. S. S. CONNECTICUT—Reunion, Newark, N. J., late
in June. Fayette N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.
U. S. S. George Washington—Crew reunion, New
York City, Apr. 11. M. G. Rosenwald, 3111 Heath
av., New York City.

U. S. S. Nebraska—Proposed reunion. William
Munro, 306 Beach 66 st., Arverne, L. I., N. Y.
U. S. S. South Dakota—Annual reunion, Hoquiam,
Wash., Apr. 9. Dr. I. G. McLonagle, secy., Masonic
bldg., Hoquiam.

Co. No. 120, NORFOLK NAVY YD.—Vets of com-
pany under Chief Electrician Cunningham, 1918,
write to Dr. Roy D. Gullett, Booneville, Miss.,
regarding company history.

MARINES—Annual Midwest reunion, La Salle
Hotel, Chicago, Ill., June 4. Frank W. Bloom,
comdr., Marine Post, 932 W. Huron st., Chicago.

83D CO., 17TH MARINES—20th reunion, Hotel La
Salle, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16, with 2d Div. re-
union. B. Steve Schwebke, 1232 Bellevue av., Los
Angeles, Calif.

97TH CO., 6TH MARINES—Reunion, Hotel La
Salle, Chicago, Ill., July 14-16, with 2d Div. reunion.
Wm. M. Rasmussen, 2611 Wilson av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. A. GEN. HOSP. NO. 8, OTISVILLE, N. Y.—
Reunion of med. det., Lido Inn, Vestal, N. Y., Aug.
11-13, during Legion Dept. Convention in Endicott.
Arthur Swartwood, Hammondsport, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. NO. 7—Proposed reunion, officers,
nurses and enlisted men. E. P. Shea, 9-11 Park st.,
Adams, Mass.

BASE HOSP. NO. 15—Proposed reunion of all men
and women who served at Chaumont, France, 1917-
19, with Mackay-Roosevelt Unit. Miss Marie M.
Burke, 145 E. 60th st., New York City.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT, ILL.—Proposed re-
union, officers, nurses, men. Harold E. Giroux, 841
W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.

FIELD HOSP. NO. 42—Reunion, Todd Hotel,
Youngstown, Ohio, May 29 at noon. W. K. Priest,
Anderson, Ind.

302D SAN TRN. (305-6-7-8 F. H. & AMB. COS.)—
Reunion, 77th Div. Club, 28 E. 39th st., New York
City, Sat. eve., May 14. I. Bregoff, secy., 521 Fifth
av., New York City.

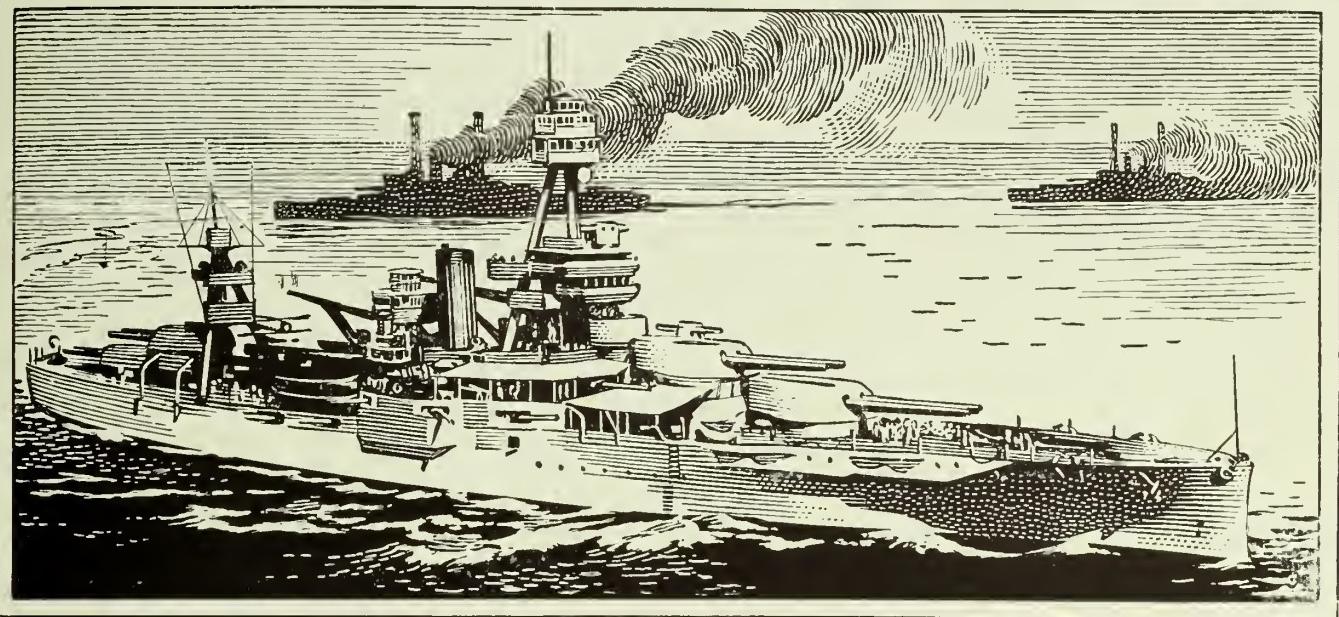
NATL ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—
First regional reunion, Omaha, Nebr., June 26-29.
Ted Nelson, secy., 1912 S. 36th st., Omaha.

CASUALS, ATTENTION!—Society of S. O. L. being
organized for all bona fide casuals. R. Warren
Nowell, South Windham, Maine

POLAR BEAR ASSOC.—Reunion of vets of No.
Russian Expeditionary Force, Hotel Fort Shelby,
Detroit, Mich., May 28-30. Arthur Brown, secy.,
1251 Glynn ct., Detroit.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



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"**C**amel is the cigarette that agrees with me—the cigarette that lets me enjoy smoking to the full!"

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"ON THE AIR" after his victory in the 500-mile Indianapolis race, Wilbur Shaw said: "This is the happiest day of my life—outside my wedding day." Then he reached for a Camel. "First thing after a race," he says, pointing out another difference between Camels and other cigarettes, "I get a 'lift' with a Camel."



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"**IT'S YOUR MOVE**, Cathleen," says Wilbur to Mrs. Shaw, his checkers partner. His own move is to light up a Camel—"for digestion's sake." "A few Camels help my digestion along," he adds.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER → **Camels agree with me"**